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ISIDORE DE MONTIGNY:

—OR, THE—

SMUGGLER OF ST. MALO.

A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NAMELESS. THE SECRET OUT.

The morning dawned at the chateau de Montigny, and the servants had noticed that Henry Fretart was missing. He had not been to his supper on the night before, but that had not occasioned much inquiry, as he often took supper with his father, though he generally gave notice when such was to take place. Very early—while the sun was not half an hour up—there came a woman to the chateau and inquired for the youth, and when she was informed that he had not been there through the night she was much moved. It was the same woman who saved Henry's life from Montfere's attempt. She inquired for the marquis, and was informed that he had not yet arisen, but the answer had scarcely been made when de Montigny made his appearance, for he was usually an early riser.

"Philip de Montigny," spoke the woman, in an anxious tone, "where is the youth who has been stopping here these few weeks past?"

"In his own apartment, I presume," replied the marquis, evincing much surprise at the speech and appearance of the woman.

"He has not been here through the night, sir. Did he say anything to you about leaving the chateau?"

"Not a word," replied the old man, seeming more intent upon the woman than upon the subject of her questions.

"Then he has been taken away, sir. Do you not know something that might lead to a clue of how he left?"

The woman spoke with such vehemence that the marquis was forced to give some attention to her words. He thought a moment, and then he said:

"If he went away intending to remain any time he would have surely told my daughter of it, for he is giving her lessons in drawing. Come into the drawing room, and I will send for her."

Isidore was already up and in the garden, and while de Montigny and the woman went into one of the large drawing-rooms a servant went for the maiden. She soon came, and was somewhat startled upon seeing the strange visitor. Those noble, open features—those black, gleaming eyes—that raven hair—that bold form, and that quaint dress, all struck Isidore's mind at once, and she looked upon her in surprise and wonder.

"My child," said the marquis, "did Henry Fretart say anything to you about being gone today?"

"About being gone—to-day?" uttered the maiden, starting. "No, sir. He is not gone?"

"Yes he is. He has not been here since last evening, and this woman wishes to see him."

"You?" said Isidore, turning to the strange visitor—"you wish to see Henry?"

"Yes, fair lady, for I fear that harm may have befallen him."

"Harm—befallen Henry?" uttered Isidore, turning pale as death. "O, no. Who would harm him?"

"He has enemies, lady, who may even seek his life. But did he say nothing to you of going?"

"No, no," gasped the maiden.

"But when did you see him last?"

"Yesterday afternoon—an hour before sunset."

"And did you not see him leave the chateau?"

But the poor girl could answer no more. She saw that her interlocutor was fearful of danger, and to her own mind the possibility of Henry's being murdered came with a stunning effect. She uttered a low moan of anguish, and sank into a chair.

"Isidore—my child," quickly spoke the marquis, advancing and placing his hand upon his daughter's arm, "what ails you? What has happened?"

"O!" murmured she in reply, seeming wholly unconscious of whom she was speaking to, "save him! Where is he? O, he must not be injured!"

Philip de Montigny was thunderstruck. The truth flashed upon him in an instant, and his face grew pale.

"Let some of the servants be questioned," said the woman.

But the marquis noticed not what she said.

"The child is frightened," the woman continued. "Let her be taken care of by some of her attendants."

"I am well," cried Isidore, springing to her feet. "I am well—think not of me—but let Henry be found."

"We will make the search," said the marquis, speaking in a forced tone, and trying to hide the emotion that moved him. "You may go to your room, Isidore, and we will question some of the servants."

The maiden looked up into her father's face, and as she saw the expression which rested there the thought first came to her that she had betrayed the secret of her love. But she was not ashamed of it, and the fear that the man she loved might be in deadly danger gave new strength to her affection, and new power to her soul.

"Think not of me now," she said, addressing her father, "for you can secure at any time, but if Henry Fretart is in danger remember that he saved us once when we were in danger."

This remark seemed to start the marquis out from the painful reverie into which he had fallen, and he at once became interested in the fate of the youth, for he was not without gratitude, and if there had been wrong done, perhaps the young tutor was not to blame. He promised that he would do all he could, and then Isidore left the room.

The servants were all called in, and from them it was learned that Henry was seen going up the hill back of the chateau about sunset on the previous evening; and the old woodman told of having seen three men lurking about near the edge of the copse. But this was not all. While the consultation was yet going on an old fellow came up from the river with fresh fish for breakfast, and when he was informed of the subject which was now under consideration he gave in a bit of testimony that had much bearing upon the case.

He said that on the previous afternoon, when he was going down to St. Malo after a new net, he met a wagon with three men in it, and that when he was returning, after dark, he met the same wagon on its way to the city, and that then there were four men in it, and that one of them surely had his arms tied behind him.

"I was on the ground," resumed the fisherman, "and I could see the men in the wagon plainly against the open sky, and I thought at the time I had seen that middle one before, and after they had passed me some ways, it came to my mind that he was the same one that I had seen here very often lately."

This was conclusive evidence, and thus far the thing seemed plain, that Henry had been seized and carried off.

"But who could have done it?" inquired the marquis, with much concern. "No one about here, I am sure."

"It was the same man who caused him to be carried on board the English ship," replied the woman.

"And do you know who it is?"

"I do."

"Who is it?"

"Never mind now. You shall know in time. I must now hasten off to the city, for this is a business that needs attending to."

"But one word before you go," uttered the marquis, earnestly. "Who and what are you?"

"A woman, sir, who would save an honest youth from the power of the blackest villain that remains unhung."

De Montigny was startled by the vehemence of the woman's answer, and it was some moments before he spoke again.

"I know you are a woman," he said, "but I would know more. I have seen you somewhere?"

"Very likely, sir, for I have been seen often."

"I am not jesting."

"Nor am I, Philip de Montigny. But were I to tell you all you ask to know, you might think me jesting truly."

"Stop, woman!" cried the marquis, as the strange visitor turned away.

"I cannot stop now," she answered. "You know I have the most important business on my hands. I thank you for the kindness you have shown me, and I hope at some time I may be able to return it."

"But tell me your name?"

"I am NAMELESS, sir, and have been for years!"

The woman waved her hand as she thus spoke, and then turned from the apartment. The marquis would have stopped her had he dared, but there was a sort of awe inspired by her manner that kept him back, and in a moment more his mysterious visitor had gone.

With quick steps the *Nameless* made her way towards the city. At the distance of half a mile from the chateau she found a horse, and mounting this she galloped off. In an hour later she was among the rough smugglers of St. Malo, and her business was speedily transacted. It was found that a wagon had driven towards the old fish-houses upon the eastern headland the night before—that a signal had been seen upon the shore, and an answer from a point in the channel where a brig had been laying at anchor, and that the brig was gone now.

* * *

Shortly after the nameless woman had left the chateau the Marquis de Montigny sought his daughter. He found her in her own room, and looking very pale and anxious. She looked up when her father entered, and she trembled when she saw the stern expression upon his face.

"My child," he said, sitting down by her side, "I have come to seek some explanation of a scene that has both surprised and pained me. I would know what meant that sudden effect that was produced by the message of that strange woman?"

"Had I not reason to be moved?" asked the maiden, looking timidly up.

"Not as you were moved then. Now do not attempt to deceive me, Isidore, for it will be of no use."

"I am not used to deceiving," returned the fair girl, somewhat proudly.

"I know you are not; but tell me what meant that sudden fright, and subsequent faintness?"

"It was because the fear came to me that Henry Fretart was in danger."

"But we are not apt to be so affected only for those we love," said the marquis, eyeing his daughter sharply.

Isidore returned her father's look with a troubled expression, and at length she said:

"If you can read causes from their effects, then perhaps you may understand this affair as well as I can explain it. I have no desire to deceive you, nor will I do it."

"Do you mean to have me understand, then, that you love Henry Fretart?" asked the nobleman, speaking in a tremulous voice, and at the same time regarding his child narrowly.

"I do love him," she replied, in a very low tone, but yet calmly.

"Ay, you may love him," added the marquis, with a sudden gleam of hope, "but how? it is only as a friend. Only as one to whom your deepest gratitude is due. You cannot love the youth with a maidenly affection—with that tender passion which marks the love of two genial hearts."

"And why should not our hearts be genial?" quickly asked Isidore. "If you knew Henry perfectly you would know that he has one of the noblest hearts in the world, and that his soul is as pure and elevated as the soul of man can be."

"Answer me directly: Do you love Henry Fretart so that you would be his wife?"

There may have been a moment's hesitation on the maiden's part, for her heart fluttered, and her eyes drooped; but it was only for the moment. She looked up into her father's face, and in a very calm tone she answered:

"You have spoken the truth. I do love the man who saved my life—I love him with my whole soul, and I know of no event in life that could make me happier than a union with him. I have no fault in this. I could no more help loving him than a child can help loving its mother. I exercised no will, no intention in the matter, but my love grew up in my heart as flowers grow in the warm earth after some hand had dropped the seeds. Now you know all. Blame me not; but, O, my father, if you love me, and would make me happy, do not crush my heart by tearing away its wildly worshipped idol."

The old man sat there in his chair and gazed upon his child. His hands were clasped together, and his face was pain-stricken and pale, and his eyes burned as though his soul were all on fire.

"My child," he at length said, in a tremulous tone, "the worst that I could possibly have feared is revealed to me. Had an angel from heaven told me this, I should not have believed it."

"My father," quickly interrupted the fair girl, with much zeal, "pardon me if I argue with my parent; but you do not speak now with reason. Your better judgment is beclouded by disappointment. Is there anything strange in the fact that I have loved Henry Fretart? Is not the history of our people full of just such facts? Love is not a thing of the will, nor of education, but it is a spirit which springs up in the human bosom under impulses which God alone can govern. When God made the human soul he so fashioned it that it would feel love for all that appeared lovely to it. The heart knows nothing of social standing or rank—the heart has only power to know real worth as it came from the hand of its divine Maker. I was placed by fate in the company of Henry Fretart, and I could no more have helped loving him, than the bud can help blossoming where there is genial rain and sunshine. Do not blame me, nor do not express wonder at what has happened, for it is all the work of a power above our ability to circumvent, and the doings of which are beyond our control."

De Montigny gazed upon his child, and in his face there were some signs of admiration, for his child had spoken eloquently, and he could not deny the truth, in substance, of what she had said. But yet he was pained and hurt, and his soul was worked upon by the most bitter opposition. And again, at length, there came another faint ray of hope across his face.

"And this love is all on your side, of course the young man has been more wise than to love so foolishly?"

"And do you think it *foolish* for one to love your child!" asked Isidore, half reproachfully.

"It would be foolish for *him* to love you, for his love would only be lost upon one so far above him. But no more of that. He does not know that you love him?"

"Unless he disbelieves my words," replied the girl.

"And you have told him, then, of your love for him?" uttered the father, in a despairing tone.

"I have, and he has confessed the same to me. I found him one day—only the day before yesterday—in tears, and I asked what made him sad. It was a long time before he would tell me, but when I had urged him much, and when he found from my words that I had a tender sympathy for him, he confessed that he loved me, and that it was the knowledge that his love was hopeless that made him sad. I then told him all, and he told me all, and, under the most holy influence of which the soul is cognizant, I pledged my love to him for life. I can tell you no more. Now, my father, let come what may, your child has not deceived you."

Philip de Montigny arose to his feet, and with nervous strides he commenced to pace the room. His face was flushed, and his lips were set firmly together. At length he stopped and looked down upon his daughter.

"Isidore," he said, "I know not what to say to you now. My tongue is not fit for its duty. I must meditate—I must calm myself. But of one thing you may rest assured: The sooner you learn to forget Henry Fretart, the sooner will you be prepared to come back to the enjoyment of life, for I would sooner see you—"

He did not finish the sentence, for he had not the will. He saw that his child was turning deadly pale, and he believed his words would pain her still the more. He took another turn across the room, and when he came back he resumed, but in a more calm and tender tone:

"We will speak upon this again. Perhaps my words have given you pain, but they cannot have caused half the pain in your bosom that yours have caused in mine, for the things that you have told me have planted a dagger in my soul which nothing but an assurance of your own future obedience can take away. Remember that—for I speak truly—I speak most truly."

Isidore did not speak, but she bowed her head and covered her face with her hands. She heard her father's step—she heard a door open and close, and when she looked up again she was alone. She gazed a moment upon the vacant place where she had last seen her father stand, and then she threw herself upon her couch and burst into tears. Her heart was strung to its utmost, and she wept and groaned aloud. The door was softly opened, but she did not hear it. Her father looked in, but she did not see him. She groaned in the depth of her anguish, and her tears were as streams upon her fair cheeks.

The marquis stood there a moment, and once his lips moved but he did not speak. His whole frame quivered with emotion, and soon the big tears gushed from his own eyes. He stepped one foot over the threshold, for at that moment there came over him a relenting feeling, and had he followed out its impulse he would have rushed in and caught his child to his bosom, and told her to weep no more. But he waited too long. The old phantom of family pride wrapped his soul up again in its cheerless folds, and he softly shut the door and withdrew.

And Isidore wept on, and she knew not that her father had seen her. She knew how stern and unrelenting he could be, but she little dreamed how nigh he had just come towards bidding her follow out her soul's desire and be happy. And it was well that she did not know it, for the double fall would have only made her more miserable.

CHAPTER XV.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

Henry Fretart slept but little through the night, yet he slept enough to rest and refresh himself. He knew that the brig had not tacked but twice, and from the way in which she heeled, unless the wind had materially changed, she was sailing in a north-westerly direction. He knew when the watches were relieved at mid night, and at four o'clock in the morning, and he could hear the officers very plainly when they came in and out of the cabin. Every time he awoke he felt to assure himself that his pistols were safe, for upon them he depended for every chance of life that was left, and was careful to so arrange them that they could not be discovered unless his person was searched. He knew when it was daylight, for he found that there was a glass bull's eye over his head, through which came light enough to enable him to see things quite plainly about his little room.

It was eight o'clock before his door was opened. He knew the time by hearing the watch called.

"Well, shipmate, how do you find yourself this morning?" asked the man who opened the door.

"I should like a bit of fresh air," replied Henry.

"Don't you want some breakfast first?" inquired the man.

"I should like to eat it on deck," was Henry's answer.

"Well, I'll see."

And so saying the fellow closed the door and went away. In a few moments he returned.

"You may come on deck," he said, "but on one condition. You sha'n't speak unless you are spoken to. If you'll mind that you may come."

"I'll mind it," said Henry, now used to complying with anything which he could not possibly avoid.

"Then come." And the fellow led the way out through the cabin, and so up to the deck, the prisoner following close upon his heels.

"There," said the guide, as he reached the larboard side of the quarter-deck, "you may wait here, and your breakfast shall be along soon."

Our hero now looked around upon the deck, and he counted eight men in all. They were stout, dark-looking men, and seemed to be all French. The one whom he took to be the captain, and who, after more careful examination, he knew held command, was the most hardened, in looks, of the crew. He was a square-built, burly fellow, somewhere about forty years of age, and deeply pock-marked. The brig had every appearance of being a smuggler, though she had no gun on deck, nor did she appear to have much if any cargo on board. She was a fair sailer, and that was all.

Ere long the man returned with our hero's breakfast, which consisted of a bowl of beef soup and a pot of coffee. Henry found the soup much better in taste than in looks, and he ate much more heartily than he had thought he should. When he had finished the coarse repast a man came and took away the dishes, and after this the youth continued his survey of the vessel. The sails he found to be old ones, and the rigging was evidently somewhat the worse for wear. The brig was not far from three hundred tons burden, and was certainly of English build. Henry had looked with some curiosity to see if any more men would make their appearance, but as there did not, he concluded that those eight constituted the whole crew.

He was leaning up against the rail, when his eye detected a point of land upon the starboard beam, and only about six miles distant. He at once knew it to be the island of Guernsey, and near seventy miles distant from St. Malo. He stood looking upon the distant shore when the captain approached him.

"How do ye like your new quarters?" asked the fellow, in a kind of careless, reckless tone, which at once disgusted the youth.

"Of course they do not impress me very favorably," returned Henry, guardedly.

"No, I don't s'pose they do. You kind o' wish yourself back again, eh?"

"Certainly; and I suppose I may go back before long?"

"Before how long?" queried the captain, with a vulgar leer.

"Why, when it shall have been proved that I am no deserter."

"O, ah, that idea sticks, does it? Ha, ha, ha. You'll find the road long, I guess."

There was something in the fellow's manner that filled the youth's mind with the worst fears, and he came nigh showing his utter disgust; but he controlled himself, and after a moment's pause he said:

"I was told that I was apprehended as a deserter. Is it not so?"

"Very likely," was the laconic reply.

"But you must have had some instructions upon receiving me. Am I not being conveyed now to England?"

"You seem to be going that way."

This fellow was different in his manner from any one hero had yet encountered, and he exhibited his authority in coarseness and brutal badinage.

"Will you tell me, sir, what you do mean to do with me?" asked our hero, with as much respect of manners as he could possibly assume.

"You'll find out in time, my fine bird, so don't be too anxious."

"Then you will not tell me?"

"I didn't say so," returned the fellow, with a broad grin, as though he enjoyed the young man's perplexity.

A flush came upon Henry's cheek, and his hands were clutched.

"You might act the gentleman, at least, towards one who is completely in your power," he said, in a low, forced tone.

"Ho, ho—you mean to teach me gentility, eh? Well, I shall be mighty glad to have you, 'cause then, if I should ever chance to meet a gentleman I might know how to behave." And as the fellow spoke he leered up as though he had said something very witty.

"I wish to teach you nothing, save that I am a man, and would like to be treated as such; and furthermore, that I know not yet why I am here, nor what is to be done with me."

"You don't, eh? Well, that's funny. But really, I sha'n't tell you now. In time, if you keep your eyes open, you may find out."

Henry turned away in utter loathing, and he resolved that he would ask no more questions, but that he *would* "keep his eyes open," and be prepared, if possible, to meet any emergencies that might present themselves. The captain was at that moment called to the binnacle, and in a moment more he gave the order for going about.

The wind was now about northwest, and that seemed to be near the course which the brig wished to make, for she tacked and stood off to the westward. About half an hour afterwards the wind fell almost to a calm, and thus it remained during the greater part of the day. At noon Henry received his dinner as he had done his breakfast, and it consisted of the same, save that he had tea instead of coffee. During the afternoon he spoke not a word to one of the crew, but he noticed that they often spoke of him, for he could see that they pointed furtively towards him during their remarks. They seemed much interested in the matter, if the expression of their countenances was any index to their feelings.

Just about supper time there came up a puff of wind, but it lasted only a few moments, and then the sails flapped against the masts again.

"It's too bad," said the captain, with an oath, as his eyes wandered off to the southern and eastern horizon. "Now the wind is blowing where we come from, I know. Don't you see how heavy and hazy it looks off there?"

This was addressed to one who seemed to be the second in command, and he gave it as his opinion also that the wind was still quite fresh to the southward.

"Yes," pursued the captain, "there's certainly a land breeze there, and it just cuts a streak right out to sea. I'd like to see a bit of it."

Before dark Henry was politely informed that he might turn in, and he obeyed without a word of question or remonstrance. During no part of the night did Henry sleep so soundly but that the slightest sound would awake him, and he knew from the vessel's motion, and from the flapping of the sails, that there was but little wind. In the morning he was aroused by an unusual bustle upon deck, and he soon found, from the words he could occasionally hear, that there was a sail in sight.

It was again eight o'clock before our hero was disturbed, and this time his breakfast was brought down to him. He asked if he might not eat it on deck, and was answered that he might not; and with that the man shut the door and bolted it. Of course this movement struck the youth as being curious, to think the least, and he wondered what it meant. He examined his pistols, opened the pans and looked to the priming, and being assured that they were all right, he proceeded to eat his breakfast, which was this time a sort of hash, and very palatable. He ate it all, for his appetite was keen, and when he had done he laid the dishes down, and then sat down upon the edge of the lower bunk.

In this way he sat fully an hour, and at the end of that time his door was again opened, and the same man who had brought his food down made his appearance. There was something in the fellow's countenance that bespoke an anxious feeling, and the thought at once struck the youth that some kind of a point was about to be made. He followed the man on deck, and his first movement, when he reached it was, to look for the sail he had heard reported. He naturally looked astern, and there he saw it, not more than half a mile distant. It was a brig, under full sail, and dashing through the water at a rapid rate.

The wind had come out fresh from the east, and both brigs had their starboard studding-sails set, though it required but a moment for our hero to see that the strange brig was by far the best sailer.

Henry looked around upon the crew, and he saw that they were all of them nervous. The captain was conversing with his men, and they all seemed to have made their minds up to some point which had been under consideration. There were only four men, with the helmsman, conversing with the captain. Henry's guide made the sixth. Where were the other two? Surely they ought to be on deck if there was anything of importance going on—at least, so thought the prisoner. But just as his mind was dwelling upon this point the other two men came up from the hold, and each of them had a heavy pig of iron in his arms! They carried them forward upon the larboard side, which was also the lee side, and there Henry saw them make fast two stout, strong lashings to each of the iron pigs. What could that mean? At any rate there came a blanch spot upon the youth's cheek as he saw it, for he knew, from all he could see, that all this had reference to him.

At length the two men arose from their work and came aft.

"It's all ready, captain," said one of them.

"The lashings are strong?" asked the commander.

"Yes."

"Will they sink quick?" the captain continued; and as he asked the question every eye was shot towards the prisoner. He noticed it, and he knew full well what the diabolical plot meant.

"They'll sink like a hundred-pounder," was the reply to this last question.

The captain nodded his head, and then turned towards the youth. The coming brig was now not more than a quarter of a mile distant, and was gaining rapidly. She fired a gun to leeward, and as the report came booming over the water one of the men said:

"We've no time to lose, captain. That fellow'll overhaul us before long, and we must have a clear deck when he comes."

"We'll do it quick enough," returned the captain; and then turning again to our hero he continued:

"Now, my hearty, just step forward, and we'll show you something."

Henry's heart leaped to his mouth, but he quickly overcame the weakness, and with a resolute step he followed the captain to the forecastle.

"Now what will you show me?" he asked, in a hushed voice, backing around as he spoke, so as to bring all the men in front of him.

"Why, we'll just show you how fast iron can sink," returned the captain, with a wicked leer. "It's been a question with the shore-going gentry how swift iron can travel downward in salt water, and we're going to try the experiment, and for the sake of having a correct report we'll send you along with it. So just prepare yourself. *Now is the time. At him, and over he goes!*"

The men made a simultaneous movement towards the youth. They moved up confidently, for they were seven against one, the eighth man being at the helm. On the instant Henry Fretart felt every nerve and muscle in his body strained, and his cords were like iron. With one bound sideward and backward he reached the heel of the bowsprit, and moving quickly back as far as the stem he drew both his pistols, cocked them in a twinkling, and then aimed them at the astounded crew.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he bitterly laughed, "you are a pretty set of fools! Now move a step near me if you dare! The first man who does it dies on the spot! I am not so easily disposed of as you may imagine!"

It was a moment of strange suspense, and the only sound that broke upon the air was the straining of the sails, and the dashing of the water. At the end of that moment came the boom of another gun from the pursuer.

Then broke forth the curses loud and long from the lips of the exasperated captain, and the weight of his maledictions rested upon those who had first captured the prisoner and not taken his pistols away from him.

There stood those seven men, and the muzzle of two pistols stared them in the faces. They knew that the first one of them who should move a step towards the bowsprit would die.

"Let us rush together!" yelled the captain, and as he spoke he made a spring. He reached the heel of the bowsprit, and then he feel back with a ball through his brain!

"Who comes next?" cried Henry, instantly changing pistols, so as to bring the loaded one into the right hand.

But no one else seemed inclined to move. There was a ball still left, and that was sure death to the first man who should move, and not one of the six now left desired to be the first man.

At that instant there came a round shot ploughling through the weather quarter-rail. It took the foot of the mainsail in its course, passed to the leeward of the foremast, and struck one of the men in the breast, tearing him in pieces, and scattering his torn flesh and blood all about. This was a settler, and in another moment the men rushed aft and, after a moment's consultation they bore the brig to, and then one of them returned to the forecastle.

"Don't fire," he said, addressing our hero, "for I don't mean you harm. We were only obeying our captain, and he would have killed us if we hadn't. Don't expose us. Let all pass and you shall be richly repaid. Our captain was a brute, but we didn't mean to harm you. Don't expose us."

Henry was amused at the fellow's abject servility, but before he could make any reply the pursuer had rounded-to under their lee quarter, and thrown their grapplings, and on the next moment *Montmorillon* leaped upon the deck. Our hero took one look to assure himself that he was not mistaken, and then he sprang aft. He caught the smuggler by the hand, but his joy was too great and too sudden for him to speak, but Montmorillon found his tongue on the instant.

"Henry, my dear boy!" he cried, "I have found you safe and well! God be blessed! God be blessed!"

He opened his arms as he spoke, and caught the youth to his bosom. Henry instinctively laid his head upon the strange man's shoulder, and in his soul he felt that he had a home in the smuggler's heart. He did not then stop to ask himself questions. He only blessed God that the bold man had come to save him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FORCED WITNESS.

The six men who were left of the ruffian crew were huddled together upon the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and they looked with astonishment upon the scene that was transpiring before them. The appearance of Montmorillon upon their deck had struck them dumb with fear and trembling, and they cowered before him as the whipped cur cowers before its master; but when they saw him open his arms and take their late prisoner to his bosom, they were astounded.

"Henry," spoke the smuggler, as soon as he could find tongue for questions, "what means all this? Why were you up there upon the bowsprit? What pistol was that I heard? and the one you had in your hand? Tell me!"

Henry did not hesitate, for he had seen enough to convince him that his friend knew all the villains, and he told all that had transpired—about the iron pigs, the lashings, the threat, the leap upon the bowsprit, and the shooting of the captain. And by a few questions from Montmorillon he was led to tell the whole story of his seizure upon the hill, and his being carried to St. Malo.

After he had told his story Montmorillon took a step towards the men who were yet huddled together to windward, and for some moments he gazed upon them in stern silence. They trembled before him, and showed plainly that they were nervous and fearful.

"Maton," he said, addressing one who seemed to have been the second in command, "will you tell me what all this means?"

But the fellow was too much affrighted to answer. Montmorillon drew a pistol.

"Now," said he, "you had better speak. Tell me what all this means?"

"All what, good captain?" tremblingly uttered the terrified coward.

"This seizing of my young friend here, and treating him as you have done?"

"O, Montmorillon, it wasn't our fault," stammered the fellow. "We couldn't help it. Rougisse did all the business."

"And Rougisse is killed?"

"Yes, sir. The young man shot him."

"Served him right. And now," added the strange man, lowering his tone to a terrible meaning, and speaking very slowly, "if you do not answer every question I put to you, and answer them truly, you shall all be hung at the yard-arms of your own brig. If Rougisse did truly do all this business, and you were doing his bidding in what you did—and furthermore, if you will answer me truly—you shall not suffer, but I will overlook all; provided, however, that you will swear never to be engaged in such a work again."

"O, good captain," uttered Maton, clasping his hands, "it was all the doing of Rougisse—certainly—and we will never be led into such a scrape again."

"Very well. Now tell me who is at the bottom of this plot?"

"Rougisse. He was, truly."

"Ah, but I mean who hired him? Tell me."

The man hesitated.

"Answer me!" whispered Marco Montmorillon, in a terrible tone.

"It was—the—the—Count Armand Montfere."

"So I supposed," returned the smuggler, while a twitching of the facial muscles showed that he had more emotion than he exhibited. "And now tell me how you know it was he?"

Maton's tongue was loosened now, for he seemed to have got over the only point upon which he was bound by any oath, and he quickly replied:

"The Count Montfere came to St. Malo, and saw Rougisse and me together, and he made a bargain with the captain to take Henry Fretart and carry him off."

"Then he made all the bargain with Rougisse, did he?"

"Yes, sir, every bit of it."

"Very well. Now tell me how you were to get possession of the young man?"

"He was to be brought to the shore for us at a certain time, and a signal made."

"So. And who was to bring him?"

"I don't know."

"But who *did* bring him?"

"Upon my word, I don't know, only I think they were beach-combers or foot-pads, and one of them was named Buffet."

"Very well. Then the bargain was made with your captain, and Arnaud Montfere was to pay him?"

"He did pay him—paid him in advance; and then was to pay him more when the work was done. He paid fifty English guineas down, and promised to give twenty more when we could—or when Rougisse, could prove that the job was done."

"Now tell me what you were going to do with the prisoner? No lying, now, but tell me just what Montfere asked you to do?"

"He wanted the youngster killed!"

"And did he tell you why?"

"Yes. He said he had two reasons. He said, in the first place, that the boy had cheated him out of a deed of a lot of his property at a gambling table, which the law would force him to pay if Fretart was not removed; and in the next place, he said that Fretart had once already tried to shoot him upon the highway."

At this juncture Henry stepped forward and attempted to speak. His face was flushed with indignation, and his hands were clutched nervously.

"Never mind now, my boy," interrupted Montmorillon. "What that dastard count has said, is not worth the contradicting, for it can do no harm now." And then turning to Maton again, he continued: "Now tell me exactly what you meant to do with your prisoner?"

"Why," returned the fellow, somewhat embarrassed, but yet speaking like one who means to tell the truth, "we hadn't fully made up our minds. Rougisse was for killing him at once, but we wouldn't let him. The fact is, we never did yet kill a man right out in cold blood, and it came rather hard. In fact, there were a good many different opinions as to what we should do. Rougisse said, 'Kill him at once. Throw him overboard.' But the boy had never harmed us, and we couldn't agree to it right off. Some said, 'Let's fix him somehow, so that he shall fall overboard accidentally.' That was good, but not so easily done. Well, last night we had about made up our minds to fix the matter in this way: We were to fix eight little papers, exactly alike, and in seven of them we were going to put flour, and in one, arsenic. Then we meant to put the papers in a hat, each man draw out one and empty it into the pan of soup without looking at it, and when they were all in to stir it up, and give it to him. In this way he would be poisoned, and no one would know who did it."

Henry shuddered as he heard the recital of this precious plot, for he felt sure that he should have eaten the soup without mistrust.

"You were a bright set of fellows, I must confess," said Marco, with a bitter sneer. "But you didn't carry out your plan, it seems?"

"No. When daylight came this morning we saw a sail astern, and before long we were sure we were chased. We held a consultation on the subject, and we concluded that we were chased because we had the youngster aboard, and after a while we agreed to get rid of him as soon as possible, and then of course to swear that we had never seen him, and knew nothing about him. We agreed to lash two heavy pigs of iron to his feet, and then sink him over the bows, and that we tried to do."

"But you found you had seized upon the wrong man," added Montmorillon, with a smile of irony. "However, you did all you could towards it, and so you ought to have your reward."

"You wont harm us, captain?"

"Not now. I shall wait and see how you behave. I am going to take the young man on board my own brig, and you may go where you please."

"But haven't you a cargo for us to put through?" asked Maton, earnestly. "We will put it ashore safe."

"No, I have none now."

"But you will have. You will not cast us off. You will give us a cargo when you get one?"

"Yes, when I have one to send, and cannot carry it myself, I will let you know; but you must not depend too much upon me. I have made almost money enough at the business."

"I thought you told me some time ago that you hadn't saved much."

"Neither have I, but I have earned a great deal. Yet I have it laid up in human hearts. You will find my money in little homes of peace and plenty all along the coast, from Cherbourg to Brest. I have invested it in human happiness, and I know that there are a thousand doors in France which would almost fly open of their own accord at my approach, and a thousand hearts and roofs that are mine for protection and shelter. So I shall not want, even if I give up my business to-day."

"Yes, I know," muttered Maton, thoughtfully. "I know you have had a faculty of making friends by looking out for other people's good. I suppose there are a good many doors in France that would almost fly open of themselves at my approach—but they are all prison doors!"

This was not spoken lightly, but it was spoken with deep feeling, for at that moment Maton seemed to realize what a graceless dog he was.

However, Montmorillon did not stop to hear any more, but once more bidding the desolate crew to run their vessel where they pleased, he turned to Henry and bade him follow. The youth went and picked up his two pistols, and then followed his mysterious friend on board the other brig. As soon as they were both on board the grapplings were cast off, and then the sails were filled, the helm put up, and in a few minutes more the two vessels were at some distance apart. Henry watched the movements of the six men he had just left, and he saw that they were still huddled together upon the quarter-deck in earnest consultation. It was after some minutes before they filled away, and when they at length did so they stood on in the direction they had been sailing, but Montmorillon had his vessel put directly back towards St. Malo.

Our hero now found himself on board a craft very different in appearance from the one he had left. The deck was as white as native wood could be, the metal work all polished and bright, the rigging all in order and coiled neatly away, the sails in excellent condition, and the crew looking like men. To be sure there were some rough-looking fellows on board, but none of them looked like villains. They all seemed, as in truth they really were, a set of hardy, good-natured seamen. There were twenty-six in all, and they were very neatly dressed, and scrupulously clean. Marco Montmorillon would not have a dirty looking man on his deck. There were four guns on board, mounted upon stout carriages, and of different sizes. Two sat were "medium eighteens," and the two forward were "long" ones of the same calibre.

"I hope you will not think that I have been in the habit of keeping such company as that," said Montmorillon, as he came and stood by the youth's side, and at the same time pointed off to the other brig, which was now at some distance. "The whole truth is," he continued, "those fellows are good seamen, and I have often employed them to run cargoes for me to England, for I have often had more than I could possibly carry myself, and which it was necessary I should run across as soon as possible. I've no doubt that I have kept them out of worse business."

Henry acknowledged that such a conclusion was reasonable, and after some further remarks on the characters of the men they had just left, he asked:

"But how happened you to fall so opportunely upon my track?"

"I will tell you; very early yesterday morning word was brought to me that you were missing from the chateau, and that you had been traced to the old fish houses to the eastward of the city. The two signals were seen, and I knew, from the description I received of the signal light out in the channel, that it must have been made on board Rougisse's brig. I also learned of the encounter you had with Montfere upon the de Vaux road, and by putting all the pieces of evidence together, I made myself sure that you had been taken away by that brig. My own vessel lay in a little snug cove in the Cancalle Bay, and mounting a swift horse I set out, and before nine o'clock I had all sail set. I knew that the chase was a poor sailer, and I hoped to overhaul her. And I furthermore felt assured that she would sail as had been her wont for the Irish Channel. And you see, I was right."

"Thank God you were," the youth ejaculated, fervently, "for I should not have lived much longer. But who was it that brought you the news of my disappearance?"

"Why do you ask?" asked the smuggler, eyeing his companion keenly.

"Because I suspect who it was."

"And whom do you suspect?"

"A woman."

"You are right."

"*My mother!*" Henry whispered, looking eagerly, wishfully, imploringly up.

"Your what?" returned Montmorillon, in apparent amazement.

"My mother. O, was it not—is it not so?"

"Why, what mad freak have you got into your head? That woman your mother? Bless my soul, did I not have indubitable proof that you were in your right senses, I should think you were minus your reason. What put such an idea into your head? How did you get it?"

"From my own soul. My own soul told me she was my mother. Her face, her form, her eyes, her smile—"

"Did you see her smile?"

"Yes, yes—and it was when she smiled that she showed me the ideal of my heart's fondest, wildest dream. Do not dispel the dream now. Do you not know the woman?"

"Ay, I know her well," returned Marco, and as he spoke he wiped a teardrop from his eye.

"And is she not an honorable, virtuous woman?"

"As pure as the cloudless heavens," answered the smuggler.

"She is my mother! Do you not know that she is?"

"I should have to study some before I could answer such a question, Henry. I did not expect it—I was not looking for such a thing. But you should have asked *her*?"

"I did ask her—I did ask her, but she would give me no answer direct in words. But she kissed me, and she wept over me. Her tears yet tremble and burn upon my cheek. You know her—you know her well, you say. Then why can you not tell me?"

"Because I know her well, that is no proof that I should know all *her* relations in life."

"But her name—do you know that?"

"I have not heard her speak her name for years. She is *Nameless*."

Henry was lost in a maze of doubt and anxiety. He felt sure that the smuggler knew more than he was willing to divulge, and that he was keeping back what he knew for some purpose of his own. Yet his belief that he had seen his mother was not shaken.

"Then you will not tell me any more of that woman?" he said, hesitatingly.

"I have no more to tell, Henry."

At that instant a new thought came to the youth's working brain. He gazed up into the face of his mysterious protector, and in a trembling whisper he said:

"You may think me full crazy now, but I must ask the question that has forced itself upon me. I am in a most strange position, and my soul is racked by passions—by doubts and mind-phantasies which come and go as they list. Your own face has a strange interest for me—it did the first time I saw you. It may be that I never saw you until lately, but I cannot believe it. Are you sure my father does not live?"

"I am sure he died once," returned Montmorillon.

"You know it?"

"I do, most surely. I know that he died, and was buried. But why do you ask?"

"Can you not guess?"

"Perhaps you would ask me if I were not your father?"

"I should have asked you such a question; but there are no grounds for it now. And yet you are connected with me in some way."

"Perhaps so. But I beg you will let that pass now. You only annoy me, and benefit not yourself, by such questioning. Rather be grateful for that which I have already done than tease me when you see I like it not."

"Alas, kind sir, I hope I have not offended," uttered Henry, with apprehension.

"No, no, not in the least. Only let me rest now."

At that moment Montmorillon was called away by one of his officers, and Henry was left to follow his own reflections. He gazed upon the smuggler as he stood now at the binnacle, and the more he gazed the more did that mysterious power close about him. He scrutinized every lineament of those strange features, and though he could not translate them, yet he knew that they contained a secret which was in some way connected with himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNEXPECTED GLEAM IN A DARK PLACE.

It was not far from midnight when the vessel in which our hero had found safety ran into her berth upon the western shore of Cancalle Bay, and by one o'clock both Montmorillon and Henry had procured horses, and were on their way to St. Malo. They passed the city to the southward and kept on direct for Pierre Fretart's cot, which they reached about three. The old man was easily aroused, and when he found who were his visitors he leaped up for joy like a child. He embraced his dear boy an hundred times, and every time he made his demonstration he blessed the smuggler.

But Montmorillon could not remain to keep them company long.

"I have business," he said, "which must be

attended to, and I must be on the road. I shall see you, Henry, before long, and in the meantime you must be more careful. Do you mean to return to the chateau ?"

"Certainly," returned the youth, apparently surprised at the question, "I have an engagement there. I shall return early in the coming day."

"Then you had better keep your horse for the tramp. You can have him taken care of there ?"

"Yes. There is plenty of room in the stables of the marquis, and there will be no objections to my occupying some of it."

"Then you may keep the horse as long as you please. I cannot say exactly when I shall see you again, but it will surely be before long. All is, beware of danger, and keep your eyes about you, and, if I mistake not, your future may yet be bright and joyous. At any rate, I do not think it will be any darker than has been your past. I shall hear from you when you know it not. Be careful now, and God bless you."

As the smuggler thus spoke he put on his cap and left the cot. Neither Pierre nor his child attempted to stop or detain him, and in a few moments more the hoofs of his horse were rattling in the distance.

"Father," spoke Henry, when the sound of the hoofs could be heard no more, "what can you make of that man ? What do you know of him ?"

"O, my boy, do not ask me," returned Pierre, nervously. "I was going to ask you the same question. Don't you know anything of him ?"

"Nothing, father. I can learn nothing; and as sure as I am alive am I that he has some mysterious connexion with me. Don't you know anything ?"

"No. I have racked my poor old brains about him, but all to no purpose. I can make nothing of him, though I know him as well as I know you."

"Know him ?" uttered Henry, elevating his eyebrows.

"Yes, I *know* him. He is just as familiar to me as the face of my own self in the glass, and I can't think where nor when I have seen him. By the power of Jupiter, it makes me mad with myself every time I think of it; but it's no use. The more I try to think the more I can't."

"So it is," murmured our hero, bowing his head; and after a moment's thought he said:

"But, father, there is one other thing I would speak of. I have seen a woman."

The old man's countenance changed in an instant. He gazed full into the youth's face, and his lips trembled.

"There has been a woman here, my boy," he said. "She came here about daylight on the morning that you were first missed at the chateau, and she went from here to de Montigny's place."

"She was a tall woman," said the youth, anxiously.

"Yes."

"With black eyes, and black hair, and a noble countenance, and sun darkened features, and a bold step, and a quaint dress."

"Yes."

"And do you know her ?"

"I do, Henry."

"Who is she ?" asked our hero, stooping anxiously forward.

"She is the same woman who brought you to this very cot long, long years ago. She has altered, but such faces as her's do not change much. She was beautiful then, and she has only grown more solid since. There is no mistake about it, my dear boy—she is the same, same, self-same woman—the woman that I saw weep over you, and call you her 'darling,' her 'joy,' and her 'dear, dear child.'"

"I knew it," murmured Henry, in a whisper, clasping his hands and raising them towards heaven. "O, great God of mercy, spare my mother to me as thou lovest thy fond and trusting children! O, give her back to me, and so shalt thou make me happy in thy bounty."

And old Pierre said, "Amen."

They spoke more on the subject, but it was only to make the proof more plain; and when, shortly afterwards, the youth laid his head upon the pillow he had pressed so oft in childhood, he could pray with a firm faith, for he knew now that his mother lived. Everything that bore upon the subject, both internal and external, helped to fix him in the faith.

On the following morning, at an early hour, our hero ate his breakfast, and then he set out for the chateau, having promised old Pierre that he would be more careful in future how he exposed himself. His heart throbbed with a wild emotion as he came in sight of the home of his beloved, and he wondered if Isidore were weeping for him. He did not doubt her love, though the thought would intrude itself upon him that she might regret having given her love to one so low in the social scale as himself. But he made himself as hopeful as possible, and ere long he rode up through the wide court. As he dismounted he thought the grooms eyed him sharply and curiously, considering the circumstances which had attended his departure from the place. To be sure they asked him how he was, etc., but then he saw them whisper together mysteriously, and he wondered what it all meant.

It simply meant that a part of the truth had leaked out among the servants. They had found out that their young mistress had fallen in love with the poor fisher's child. That was all they knew; but that was enough to fill their simple minds with surprise and awe, and they treated our hero hence with more deference than usual, for they knew nothing of the damp child that awaited him.

Henry passed in to the chateau by the main hall, as he generally did, and the first person whom he met in the building was Isidore. She uttered a low, wild cry as she saw him, and without stopping to remember the paternal advice she had received she sprang to his embrace. There was a wild thrill in his soul as he received this proof of her unchanged love, and all thoughtless of the publicity of the place he wound his arms about her.

"O, thank God you are safe!" the maiden murmured, as she threw back her head and gazed up into her lover's face.

"Ah, Isidore," fervently returned the happy youth, "my escape from a terrible death, at the moment when salvation came, gave me not half the joy that this pledge has imparted to my soul. Bless you, dearest, bless you. You are glad to see me safe once more."

"O, I cannot tell you how glad," murmured the maiden, and as she spoke she pillowed her head again upon her lover's bosom.

At that moment there came the sound of a footfall upon their ears, and upon turning they beheld the marquis only a few feet from them. He was startled as much as they, and seemed evidently as ill at ease. Isidore uttered a low cry and clung upon the youth's arm, while Henry seemed trying to find his scattered thoughts. The marquis was the first to break the silence.

"I saw you coming, sir," he said, addressing our hero with the most chilling politeness, "and I meant to have been the first to meet you; but it seems I have been forestalled. If you will follow me this way, sir, you will oblige me."

"Farewell—I am yours," whispered Isidore, in a gasping tone.

Fretart was bewildered. He saw the pain-marks upon the fair girl's face, but he could not stop to ask a question, for the marquis waited for him, and he followed him.

De Montigny led the way to his own library, and when Fretart had entered he closed the door. He did not invite his guest to a seat, nor did he take one himself. He had grown calm now, but it was a cold, chilling, forbidding calm.

"Henry Fretart," he said, in carefully measured tones, "there is no need that I should enter into any explanation with you. What I have witnessed but just now is sufficient to warrant all that need be said. I do not blame you, sir, for anything that has transpired; but I would ask you what will be the amount that will satisfy you for the trouble you have already taken in teaching drawing lessons to my child ?"

The youth was not so blind but that he saw in an instant the whole meaning of the marquis, and the chilling coldness with which he had been thus received served to arouse a spirit of pride within him.

"If I understand you rightly," he replied, in a tone as polite as could have been raised in a royal court, "you allude to some compensation for my services ?"

"Exactly," returned the marquis, betraying some surprise, for he had probably thought that the youth would tremble and stammer.

"I did not engage my services with any such understanding, Sir Philip. I was to find a home here so long as you wished me to give instructions to your child."

"And how have you instructed her, sir ?" the old man exclaimed, bitterly.

"To the best of my ability, sir."

"O, and in what have you instructed her! You have stolen away her young affections—you have—"

"Stop, stop, Sir Philip," interrupted the youth, while a flush of deeper pride mantled his handsome features. "You speak hastily now, and without judgment. You commenced by informing me that you did not blame me. I know the point of your allusion. You mean that I have learned to love your sweet child, and that she has returned my love. I could not help it, sir. I fought against the spirit with all my power—I pledged myself that I would not allow her sweet image to become imprinted upon my heart—I tried to fortify myself against the possession; but while I worked the hardest the subtle spirit crept in. And even then I would have kept it to myself, and would have fled from the place, but fate would not let me. In an hour when I could not help it, I confessed my love—not to draw its object towards me—but only to tell her why I was sad, and why I must flee from her. And in that hour, sir, she confessed her love for me. O, I could not go then. I could have laid down my life, but I could not have torn out my heart and flung it away now that that heavenly impress was upon it. But let it pass now. You can turn me from your doors, but do not blame me. I am used to being driven about at the will of a stern, cold fate—I am used to knowing enemies, too—so I shall not be suffering for the first time."

The marquis gazed into the face of the youth, and his lip trembled. He was moved—much moved, by what he had heard. There was something in the manner and tone of the speaker that was not common. And then his face, too, carried such a weight of power in its truthful and manly yet melancholy expression.

"Did you say you had enemies ?" the marquis at length asked.

"Do not the events of the past two days prove it, sir ?" returned Henry, with a tone of sadness.

"They do, surely. And who can be an enemy to you ?"

The young man hesitated. His first impulse was to keep his own counsel, but other thoughts came to him. Arnaud Montfere was intimate there, and the suspicion had found its way to the mind of the youth that de Montigny would give the hand of his fair child to the count. Henry knew the marquis to be an honorable man, and at length he resolved to tell him all, and he did so. He told of the suspicions he had entertained—how Montfere had met him on the road—what had then transpired—the events of his transit to the brig—and the revelation which the smuggler, Maton, had made. He told all—all that he knew, and when he had closed, the marquis sat—for he had taken a seat—like one astounded.

"Sir down," he said, addressing the youth; and after Henry had taken a seat he continued: "You say a woman saved you from the death which the count meant for you on the road ?"

"Yes, sir."

"It must have been the same who came here to inquire for you."

"It was the same, sir, for Montmorillon informed me that it was she who hunted the evidence up."

"Yes," said Montigny, now much interested. "And who is this woman ?"

The youth hesitated again, but it was only for a moment. He looked up, and while a tear glistened in his eye, he said:

"She is my mother !"

"How do you know ?" the old man asked, vehemently. "Did she tell you so ?"

"No, sir—she would tell me nothing. But she embraced me, and kissed me, and wept upon my neck. And old Pierre Fretart says she is the same woman who left me with him many years ago. But I have a higher proof still," continued Henry, with increased emotion. "It is the voice of my own heart—the memory of my own soul—the power of my own love !"

"By my soul, she is your mother !" de Montigny exclaimed, with much energy. "Your face shows it. It must be so."

Henry was considerably surprised at the manifest interest of his host, and he wondered again. His sources of wonder were many. It was some time before either of them spoke again, for the marquis was very busy with his own thoughts, and the youth was plodding along in a vague maze.

"But this Montmorillon—" suddenly spoke Sir Philip, looking up, "Who is he ?"

"I do not know, sir. I can get nothing from him, save that at some time he may reveal to me the secret of his life. He is all mystery to me."

"Is he interested about this affair of the count's ?"

"Yes, sir. That seems to be his whole aim at present."

"Does he mean to bring Montfere immediately to justice ?"

"I should think not, sir. As near as I can judge from what he has said in my presence, he has some secret power over the count—some power by which he can unmask him at any time, but seems only to be waiting for some farther event."

"Yes, yes, I see—I see," murmured the marquis, arising from his chair and commencing to pace the floor. And he walked up and down the room for full five minutes, during which time he spoke not a word. At length, however, he sat down, and said:

"Upon my soul, this is all very strange;" and then he relapsed into thought again.

"My lord," spoke Henry, after another pause, "let us resume the business that brought us here, for I suppose you would have me understand you at once, and, having understood you, to act upon it. I am not so blind, sir, but that your words and manner have already conveyed to me your full meaning, and there is no need that you should pain me by saying more; for, poor though I be, yet I have a heart as susceptible of pain as your own. I know it was a wild, mad freak, but it was not a fault, though it must be to me a lasting source of anguish, for such love as I have cherished for the sweet, gentle creature whom God has given you for a child can never be put away, nor would I put it away if I could, for its presence may tend to purify and elevate even while it pains. But no more of this. I will not detain you, sir—I know your meaning. It is a bright-winged angel that has flown past me, and I dwelt with her but for a moment. You will not teach your child to despise me, sir. You will allow her to think of me as one who still honors her. Farewell, and may—"

The youth had nerved himself with all his strength, but he could not bear up. The last word stuck in his throat, and while he tried in vain to speak it he burst into tears. He turned quickly towards the door as if to hide his heart-flood, and his hand was upon the latch.

"Stop, stop," uttered the marquis. "I have not yet bid you leave my house."

Henry looked around in surprise.

"Your words surely meant it, sir," he said.

"Perhaps they did, for I knew not then how unfortunate you had been. Take a seat again, sir. I will not send you from me."

"But I had better go, sir."

"Why ?"

"How can you ask me that question ? Can I stop here, and be near your child, and be anything but miserable ?"

"But I thought love made people happy."

"Sir !" gasped the youth, sinking into a chair, and turning pale. "I do not understand you. You would not trifle with me. What can you mean ?"

"I mean that you may remain here, Henry, for the present—that you may try and comfort my child if you can, for I know she is very miserable. I saw her the other day weeping and sobbing as though her heart would break because I had told her that she should never be your wife. Go and comfort her, and remain here a while longer. Mind—I do not say that she shall ever be yours—I do not bind myself under any promise; but for the present you will both be happier together. But you need not fear as it is—for rather than see her heart-broken, I would give you her hand and bless her still. —There—go now, for I will not answer a single question. As God is my judge, I will not. Come, come, Isidore is all this while crying in such anguish as you began to feel a few moments since, only she suffers more than you can begin to suffer."

"But—my lord—I dream—you do not—"

"I do not send you away, but send you to find Isidore and make her happy. Is not that plain ?" And as the marquis thus spoke he brushed a tear from his eye, and then quickly left the apartment.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

AN EVERY-DAY FACT.

The convexity of the earth interposes to prevent the sight of distant bodies; thus at six hundred yards, one inch would be concealed, or an object an inch high could not be seen in a straight line; at nine hundred yards, two inches; at fourteen hundred yards, five inches; at one mile, eight inches; three miles, six feet; so that at that distance a man would be invisible; four miles, ten feet; five miles, sixteen feet; six miles, twenty-four feet; ten miles, sixty-six feet; twelve miles, ninety five; thirteen miles, one hundred and twelve; and fourteen miles, one hundred and thirty feet. In levelling, it is usual to allow the tenth of an inch in every two hundred yards, or eight inches in a mile, for convexity.—*Transcript.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BRIDGE ABOVE THE BROOK.

BY FRED. W. THAYER.

How many fond remembrances
Does that rude old bridge call back;
With the stream that bounded on each side.
The hard and well worn track.
The boards that lay with rustic grace
Upon the stones below,
And the noble willows overhead,
Ever waving to and fro.

'Twas here the lowing herds were brought
On summer days to drink;
'Twas here I came when all was still,
On sadder things to think.
At eve, this was a hallowed spot,
And hither I did stray,
When all was peace and quietness,
To while the hours away.

And what a glorious scene it was,
On a lovely summer night,
When the silver moon came forth to us,
With all its lustrous light.
And lone and tranquilly it lay,
While every glistening beam
Reflected back the bridge again,
From the gently flowing stream.

How cool it was to lie at noon,
Beneath that bending willow,
When a mound of sweetly smelling grass
Made a rude but pleasant pillow.
To watch the water flowing by,
The stones with moss grown o'er,
And gently rising ever there,
With a low and mimic roar.

Of all the scenes of boyhood,
This one I love the more,
For the stream flows by as merrily,
As it did in days of yore.
The fine old willow greets me
With the old accustomed nod,
As it used in hours of childhood,
When I underneath it trod.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE VALENTINE:

— OR, —

COUSIN JENNY'S BEAU.

BY BAXTER M. LEWIS.

My cousin Jenny is a merry, laughing creature of seventeen summers. If she has a fault it is that she is fond of mischief, and possesses, I have sometimes thought, too keen a sense of the ludicrous. But then she has such a charming twinkle to her black eyes, that though ourselves made the target of her wit, we more than half forgot the pain in the joker.

Well, these same black eyes of hers, it seems, had at some time or other, shot a chance ray into the heart of Arthur Morton. A flame was kindled there in consequence, the incense of which was embodied in a loving epistle to my cousin. Saint Valentine was the usher that brought to Jenny a missive filled with supplication and softness, and venturing to solicit an interview, when he that had been smitten on one of sentimentality's cheeks might turn the other also. But the rest of the story shall be told in Jenny's own words.

"In a nice little *billet-doux*," she said, "I replied to him that his feelings were reciprocated; 'twas naughty, I confess, but I was full enough of mischief to enjoy it. It was on a Thursday afternoon that he made his (first) call. I had never spoken to him before; but that only made the affair more romantic you know.

"So far as the tailor, the barber, and the furnisher could do anything to make my Arthur a gentleman, nothing was wanting. He appeared at our house, and was shown into the front parlor—that cosy, little room, you know—attired in the height of the mode, and perhaps a little above the mode, so far as dickey was concerned. I like a tall dickey, but then I would see it worn with ease; it does not look so on a person in the situation of my Arthur—very much like a weather-cock between two shingles, that can point but one way.

"Enough of that. He introduced himself with a stiff and studied bow. I bade him take a seat on the sofa, and then—don't call me bold—I took a seat beside him.

"We sailed along with our conversation pretty smoothly for a few moments, as long as heads and the weather served as topics, and then we reached a kind of Cape Horn in colloquial navigation, which it seemed to trouble an inexperienced navigator like him to pass.

"My pet, the cat, happened to pop into the room at this moment, while my would-be lover was trying to conjure up some nice little speech.

"'Tabby has made a conquest I see,' he remarked, as a nearer approach of the feline specimen of zoology showed that she held with a delicate grip in the nape of the neck, another sample of animal existence, commonly entitled a mouse.

"'Why, yes, Mr. Morton,' said I to my charmer; 'she is a very excellent cat. She often makes excursions to the barn and elsewhere, and brings home such trophies of victory.'

"O, you should have seen the blush of excitement which tinged the cheek of my amiable young friend, as the cat, never saying 'by your leave,' jumped into his lap with her prize.

"He squirmed about to rid himself of poor Tabby, who was making herself thus over familiar on such short acquaintance, and, after some very genteely-managed struggles, succeeded in ridding himself of the intruder. Unluckily for puss, and, as it proved, unlucky for him, the mouse availed himself of a temporary relaxation of Tabby's jaws, to start off on his own responsibility.

"I proposed to my friend that we should assist her in securing her victim; to which proposition he, as bound by gallantry if such was my wish, assented.

"We chased the lively little thing around the room, under sofas, tables, chairs, and through our fingers almost, till all of a sudden mousey disappeared. Nothing could be seen of him by even the sharp eyes of Tabby.

"We concluded to give up the search, and I returned to my place on the sofa. Arthur essayed to follow my example, and was just about half seated, when an admonishing grip from a little prisoner that he unwillingly held in confinement, made him start and cry out most ungracefully.

"*The mouse had run up the leg of his pantaloons*, and defended his rights as best he could when the proposed sitting position of the unhappy owner of the pants, which he had chosen as a retreat, brought him into uncomfortable close quarters.

"Poor Arthur was in a whirl of agitation for a few moments; he could not realize whether he stood on his head or his heels. It was particularly shocking to his refined sensibilities that he should from any cause have cut such a figure in the presence of a lady. He could not for the life of him imagine what it was that occasioned this sudden twinge, but concluded to smooth it over by calling it a (sudden) attack of the toothache; there would be nothing undignified in that, and it would excuse his momentary breach of etiquette.

"His tranquillity again partly restored, he made a second movement to resume his seat, and that with renewed gracefulness, when mousey again set his sharp little incisors to act in his defence. Etiquette aside, breach or no breach, the unfortunate young representative of college refinement must betray his emotions. And when a third and still more desperate attack was made by the unknown enemy, forbearance ceased to be a virtue; he cried out with pain and fright so loudly that he brought the whole household to the room to see what could be the matter.

"He was quite nervous naturally; and this mysterious excitement made him almost beside himself. Once more did the persevering little mouse try the quality of his teeth, and the flesh and nerves of our hero, when the truth flashed upon his mind. He made a rather ungented grab at the part assailed, and to the great agitation of his poor nerves, held the little assailant, closely encased in broadcloth, with a desperate grasp.

"To let go his hold was to run the risk of another bite; and he had neither nerve nor the bump of destructiveness large enough to squeeze the offender to death. He stood for a moment or two, holding on to the most ungallant mouse, when looking about him, and realizing the ludicrousness of his position, he seized his hat in the disengaged hand, and made tracks for the door.

"I ran to the window, and got a glimpse of a pair of coat-tails propelled by a very nimble pair of legs round the corner, which was the 'last fond look' I have had an opportunity of taking at my loving Arthur. Well, I *may* forget him some day !"

Kind reader, my cousin Jenny is yet "in the market."

THE IBIS.

A most beautiful feature in the Nile voyage is the sight of birds, as tame as if domesticated, perching on your boat, on the house-tops, on the palms, on the backs of oxen and of camels, chirping, warbling, skipping everywhere as free and joyous as if they never knew an enemy. Nor have they an enemy in the native population, for the Egyptians do not molest birds—only travellers affright them with the sportsman's gun. This may be because the Egyptians are are unarmed people, but to whomsoever the credit belongs, let Egyptians have the praise of the land where birds are safe and free. Most sweetly do they carol at sunrise and at sunset in the acacia groves and in the palms. Some of unknown names, are of beautiful plumage and delicate form; but the bird for which the traveller looks from the moment he enters Egypt, is the pure and sacred Ibis. We had several times seen at a distance a bird that we conjectured must be this, but to-day we had a nearer view, that by comparison with the sculptured form quite satisfied us of its identity. It was a most delicate creature, about a foot long from the beak to the tip of the tail, with long, slender legs, and a neck that curved gracefully and terminated in a long, crooked beak. It was of stainless white, and when it flew seemed rather to swim with gentlest motion on a buoyant sea. The selection of such a bird is sacred, and the association of it with their religious sculptures, shows a nice sense of beauty in the old Egyptians. There swims not in the air a bird of such delicacy of form and purity of color.—*Taylor.*

THE ROYAL BARON OF BEEF.

The baron of beef, which from time immemorial has formed the principal Christmas dish of the sovereign of England, was this year supplied by Mr. Hilton, of Peasod Street, Windsor, butcher to her majesty. It was cut from the carcass of a fine highland ox, fed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, at the Model Farm, in the Home Park. The baron weighed precisely sixty stone, or eight hundred and forty pounds, and judges pronounced the meat to be of a very superior quality. The baron was put down before an enormous fire on Saturday afternoon, and for fourteen hours was watched and basted by relays of assistants, under the superintendence of a head roasting cook. After the baron is taken up and allowed sufficient time to cool, comes the operation of paring and trimming, which materially improves its outward appearance. Placed on a dish as large as an ordinary sized table, it is then decorated. The royal cipher is traced around the edges of the dish; the holy mistletoe apparently sprouts from the outside fat of the meat; the baron is then duly placed on the sideboard of the dining-room of Windsor Castle, where her majesty the Queen, and the royal circle, partake of the Christmas banquet.—*London News.*

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

In the immense forests of America, the moose-deer is hunted by the Indians with such relentless perseverance, that all the instincts of the quadruped are called forth for the preservation of its existence. Tanner, a white man, who lived thirty years in the woods, thus describes the extraordinary extent of the moose's vigilance: "In the most violent storm, when the wind, and the thunder, and the falling timber, are making the loudest and most incessant roar, if a man, either with his foot or his hand, breaks the smallest dry limb in the forest, the moose will hear it; and though he does not always run, he ceases eating, and rouses his attention to all sounds. If in the course of an hour, or there-abouts, the man neither moves nor makes the least noise, the animal may begin to feed again, but does not forget what he has heard, and is for many hours more vigilant than before."—*Home Journal.*

Men are so employed about themselves, that they have no leisure to distinguish and penetrate into others; which is the cause why a great merit, joined to a great modesty, may be a long time before it is discovered.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Out upon life's troubled ocean,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Sing the dirges of the lost,
See, a little bark is riding,
Over crested waves is gliding,
By the billows rudely tossed.

Though the vivid lightning flashes,
Onward still the frail boat dashes,
Till a wave engulfs the whole!
Look again, 'tis re-appearing,
In its course 'tis onward steering,
For its freight 's a priceless soul.

Bound for lands of earthly pleasure,
With his never-dying treasure,
And a deeply furrowed brow;
Sin the frail boat now is guiding,
O'er the billows fast is riding,
With the tempter at the prow.

Hope's delusive star is beaming,
In the distance now is gleaming,
Glides the boat the waters o'er.
Look again! Hope's star has faded,
And the boat, no longer aided,
Lies a wreck upon the shore.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHY SHE WORE THE OLD CLOAK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"To buy or not to buy, that is the question," said the young and beautiful Mrs. Elmer, as she toyed with her pearl portmonnaie; and the tone was strangely thoughtful and pensive for her, for she was a gay, fashionable lady, with no weightier cares than the superintendence of her household; with no troubles, no anxieties; the idolized wife of two years.

"If I buy, I get a bargain; but then," and here she paused a few moments; then resumed in a still lower voice, "Herbert's sister-in-law and her children, if they are so poor, ought to have it—every cent of it. But then I must lose my bargain, and wear my old cloak another winter—the third, too—it is too bad; I wonder what makes the times so hard. That they are hard, I know, or I should not sit here thinking, but order the carriage at once, and make my purchase. Herbert looked sad when he gave me the money. I suppose he was thinking of poor Mary. O, dear, what shall I do? I do really need a cloak; indeed, I am hardly decent with the old one, and that is such a love of one, and so cheap. If Herbert should collect all he goes for, why I could have it as well as not; but if he don't, why Mary or I must lose the fifty dollars."

Just then a servant entered to replenish the grate, for though there was a furnace in the cellar, Mrs. Elmer said her chambers were not warm enough, and so kept up a fire there continually, and at the same moment, a wild and shrieking gust of wind flew through the noble avenue, rattling the boughs of the naked trees, and whirling into dizzy circles the few brown leaves that yet fluttered on them. The lady shivered; yes, shivered; and yet there were double casements, and heavy damask curtains; and then drawing up the velvet cape, which had slipped from her shoulders, she changed her seat to one nearer the hearth.

"How pleasant it looks," said she, "this open fire. I do love it. I hope wood and coal are not as high as other things; if they are, the poor will freeze this winter. I wonder if Mary has plenty of fuel. What if she hasn't!"

A new idea seemed to flash over her. Poverty was a vague term to her. She had always supposed it meant not being very rich; but now for the first time its awful items occurred to her. The want of wood or coal, of bread or meat, of clothes or shelter; these were terrible wants—might it not be possible Mary suffered them? The idea was an agony.

"My husband's sister-in-law; his little nephews and nieces; going hungry and cold, when we are so warm and have such an abundant table. If they are so, they shall be so no longer. I will go and see them. I will know just what they need, and if they want the money more than I, they shall have it."

And obeying the impulse of the moment, she rung the bell, and ordered the carriage, and was soon equipped for a cold ride, so wrapped up in velvet, ladies' cloth, merino, blanket shawl and ermine, that she seemed but a bundle of dry goods.

"Drive to the station house."

The cars were on the point of starting, but Mrs. Elmer effected an entrance, and was soon on her way to L——, a village about thirty miles distant. An hour in the express train left her there. She stepped into the street and looked hesitatingly about her. There was no one, save an Irish laborer, to be seen; so going up to the ditch he was digging, she asked him if he could direct her to the house of widow Mary Elmer.

"Indade, thin, and I can, ma'am. I knows her well. It was only the last week she did a bit of washing for my wife, that was sick, ma'am."

"I do not think she is the one I mean. My husband's sister-in-law is too much of a lady to be engaged in such menial offices. Is there no other one of the name in the place?"

"Indade, and there's not, ma'am. And if it's a relation ye bees, ye need niver be ashamed of her thin, for it's a lady she is, every inch of her, ma'am; one as can give a poor man like myself as dacent a greeting as she would a fine gintleman."

"And where does she live?" asked Mrs. Elmer, obliged, notwithstanding the absurdity and horror of the idea, to believe that the washerwoman mentioned was indeed the lady she sought.

"O, thin, and it's asy to tell you, ma'am. Just kape to the right till you reach the third corner, and then turn and go a short bit, till you see a lot that has niver a dwelling on it, and cross that by the path and ye'll find yourself in Grane Street, and the first brown house is hers, ma'am, and a poor place it is for a lady, too."

Following as rapidly as possible the Emerald directions, Mrs. Elmer ere long found herself standing upon the steps of a ricketty-looking dwelling, and knocking for admittance. The keen north wind as it whistled about her, made her shiver in every limb, and she murmured to herself, "What a bleak place to live in!"

Ere she had time for many reflections, though, the door was opened by a sunny-haired little girl of six years, who, though dressed in very coarse and patched garments, was as neat and sweet as a garden pink, and who, in reply to the inquiry, "Does Widow Elmer live here?" answered in a cheerful tone:

"Yes, ma'am. Does the lady wish some washing done?"

"No, my dear;" and the tone of the visitor was very kindly; "no, I have come to see your mother. I am your aunt, and am going to spend a few hours with you."

"Mother'll be very glad, though she is a-washing. Please to walk in."

And the little guide ushered her into a large square room, which, though perfectly neat, had yet a desolate and appalling look. A pale, thin, weary-looking woman, stood beside the stove, sudsing out clothes. But her menial employment did not prevent the observer from recognizing her at once as a high-bred lady. Her dark, rich hair was neatly arranged, and her cheap calico showed no signs of labor. She raised her face inquiringly as the door opened, but when she saw Mrs. Elmer enter, though she dropped the garment she was wringing very hastily, and wiped her wet hands, she manifested none of that discomposure which is so common to persons when surprised in the midst of an occupation like that.

"Do you not recognize me," said the visitor, extending her hand, instead of taking the proffered chair. "Have you forgotten Herbert's wife?"

"And is it she come to see me; and on such a raw, wintry day? It is very kind of you;" and she clasped the offered hand, tenderly and gratefully.

"Yes, I have come, and will stay till the night train leaves; that is, if it will not interrupt you too much."

"I shall be so glad to have you. O, it is so long since a relative has looked in upon me. Perhaps you had better keep on your mantilla while you sit. My room is not very warm, but I am in hopes to have some more coal soon."

"Are you, 'ma?" said the little girl, whom the aunt had just seen. "Why, I thought you'd have to wait till the clothes were dried and ironed, and you were paid for them."

"I think Mr. Newell will trust me for a few days," said her mother; and she blushed a little at the artless expose of her poverty.

"Don't hesitate a moment, Mary, to send for a ton of coal, if you have any one old enough to order it. Here," taking from her portemonniae five ten dollar notes, "here is some money Herbert sent you;" and she placed them in her quivering hand, turning aside at once that she might not seem to notice the great tears which rolled down the recipient's cheek, and never thinking for a moment of the velvet cloak she had sacrificed.

"It is so like Herbert," exclaimed the widow; "so like him, even in these tough times, to remember me. God bless him! He has never forgotten me or my children. You are most too small, Mary, to send alone to the coal yard, and as it will be an houryet ere Harry comes from school, I guess I shall have to leave my clothes and go."

"No, no," said her sister; "I will go, and if Mary knows the way, she shall go and show me. Wouldn't you like to walk, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; O, yes. Mama, mayn't I go?"

"But it is a good ways, and you are not used to going to such places, Clara. It will never do."

"It wont hurt me, Mary. Not half so much as it would you, who are tired now. No, no," continued she, playfully, "you stay here and finish all up, so we can sit down and talk, and I'll go, and little sis shall go with me, if mama says yes."

Mary's faded hood and thin cotton shawl were on ere her mother had time to answer, and hand in hand, the richly-dressed lady and poorly-clad child went forth. Many a passer-by stared at them, but Mrs. Elmer heeded them not. Her heart, not her head, was guiding her now. The innocent prattle of the little niece interested her deeply, as she told how glad she was her aunt had come just then, when they were out of coal and lights, and had nothing in the house to eat but some hasty-pudding, and that she was tired of, 'cause they had to eat it without milk or molasses. "I know we ought to be glad to get even that, but, O dear, I'm so tired of it."

"And what would you like for dinner, dear, if you could have just what you wanted?"

"O, I would have a chicken pot-pie, and mashed potatoes and turnips, and white bread and butter, and a rice pudding; but mother wont feel like getting such a dinner, even if she has so much money, we're so dreadful poor. It is an awful thing to be poor, aint it, Aunt Clara?"

"Indeed, it is."

"Were you ever poor?"

"No, I have always been rich."

"O, then you don't know anything about it."

"No, indeed," said the lady to herself, "but I am learning. Can I ever forgive myself for meditating even the cruel wrong I did this morning? Had I not come, they would, perhaps, have frozen or starved."

"There, Aunt Clara, there is some just such fat, yellow chickens as I should like for dinner. Do look at them!"

"And you shall have them, dear;" and Mrs. Elmer stepped into the provision store, and purchased the pair, and a sack of flour, too, and some vegetables, and rice, and eggs, and sugar, and butter, and everything needed to make out little Mary's dinner but the milk for the pudding, and that could be procured nearer home. Then addressing a pencilled line to her sister, she told her they were to be cooked at once to please her little niece.

Never capered tiny feet more lightly over the pavements than went the pretty guide's, as after the grocer's boy set out with his wheelbarrow, they turned to go further; and merrily rattled her tongue, too, and sometimes she hushed the notes that gushed from her musical throat with the exclamation:

"I forgot I was in the street; folks will think I'm crazy. But it's so long since I've been glad."

"Here, Aunt Clara, this is the place. But you mustn't go in there amongst all the coal. You must come into the office, here." And she led the lady away from the gate, adding, "I guess you never went for coal before."

The ton was ordered, and as the agent was told to send a receipted bill with the load, and as times were hard, and the demand small, it was despatched at once, and reached the widow's ere the messengers did. But they had many little errands to detain them, and when Mary went home, her mother scarcely knew her in her soft, fleece-lined worsted hood, her warm Highland shawl, her pretty mittens, and her new shoes and stockings.

And the room which the visitor had thought so comfortless, looked quite cheery now. The wash-tubs were put away, the floor was newly mopped, the calico wrappers had been taken from the lounge and rocking chairs, and their crimson moreen covers gave a lively look to things; the chintz bed-quilt had been drawn from the neatly made-up bed which occupied one corner, and now it was covered by a snow-white spread, a bridal gift, over which fourteen years had passed lightly; and best of all, in the freshly blackened stove glowed, and sparkled, and crackled a well-filled grate of ruddy coals. The tea-kettle was singing briskly, the chickens puttering in their stew, the potatoes and turnips dancing a jig in the pot, a pan of biscuit growing brown in the oven, while beside them the rice pudding swelled and bounded as though it were not to be cheated of its place in the feast.

"You have worked very fast, Mary," said Mrs. Elmer, as she laid aside her things.

"A light heart makes quick hands, you know," responded the widow, as she laid the cloth.

"Mother is always smart," said little Mary, gleefully, "even," and here she whispered hurriedly into her aunt's ears, "if she feels ever so bad. She never stops to cry, but when she can't help it, works and cries, too."

A fine, noble lad of thirteen now entered. He had been home before, and knew of the arrival, and came directly to his aunt and welcomed her, to say the least, as gracefully as the sons of the rich ladies she occasionally met; and then going to what seemed to Mrs. Elmer, at the first glance, a very young child, he handed him something, saying, "Now you'll be happy, Charley." The latter, with a hand so wasted and white, that it seemed scarcely able to raise itself, unrolled the parcel, and with sparkling eyes, unfolded half-a-dozen sheets of common writing-paper, and handled gently a newly-pointed lead pencil.

"Charley loves to draw," said Harry, marking the inquiring looks of his aunt. "He loves to read, too, but we can't afford to keep him in books, he reads so fast." Then drawing her to a window, he whispered: "Perhaps you don't know Charley is a cripple; most every one thinks he's a baby, but he is most as old as I. Uncle Herbert often sends him pretty books, and he can read like a minister, and better than some."

"And who are these?" said she, as a little girl of four, and a boy of the same age, bounded out of the small, dark bedroom, crying, "We smell something good."

"Those are the twins, Clara. They were babes when their father died."

Aunt Clara soon had them to her side, and very contentedly they remained there till dinner was ready, hearing her improvised stories and her sweet songs.

Never did a happier group gather around a table when all was prepared. Mrs. Elmer declared that she had not had such an appetite since she could remember, and it was no wonder either, she thought, for it was the first time in her life she had ever done enough to earn one. But good as it was, they could not eat forever, and it would have done one's heart good to hear Aunt Clara and the children laugh, as she helped the mother wash and wipe the dishes. She was very awkward, and then she made believe she was more so than she really was, and kept them in high fun. But at length all the work was despatched, and the widow sat down to visit.

"Sha'n't I rock you a while, Charley?" said the mother, gently.

"If you are not too tired, mother."

"I am never too tired when I have time;" and she lifted the crippled child tenderly into her arms, and sat down in her low rocker, and while she toyed with the silken locks that clustered over his brow, she sang a low, sweet lullaby; his weary lids soon closed, and he was carefully laid on the bed.

It being a half holiday, Harry had gone out to carry the coal into the cellar, and Mary and the twins, wrapped up as warmly as their mother could wrap them, were playing in the dusky place, watching the gradual piling up of the bin.

"While the children are out," said Mrs. Elmer, "do, Mary, tell me the story of your misfortunes, and how you came to be so very destitute. Does Herbert know?"

"No; I have striven to conceal it from him, because I knew his generous nature would lead him to do more for me than he ought; he has always been liberal; had all my relatives been so, I should have been comfortable enough. My husband's health had been feeble for a year or two before his death, and his business, which was already crippled by several losses, was thrown mostly into the hands of his partner and clerks. Still, when he died, he had no fears but that I would be comfortably provided for, though not left as wealthy as he once hoped. It is a long story, the whole of it, so suffice it to say, I was left destitute. In earlier days, my husband had befriended his two brothers and only sister's husband, and would never allow them to repay the debt. Herbert now stepped nobly forward; said he owed his prosperity to George, and he would befriend his widow and children, and agreed to pay me two hundred dollars in quarterly payments, so long as I should need it, if the other two would. They could not refuse him, or, rather, he would not let them. With the few effects left me, I removed from your city here, Herbert taking all the charge and care from me, into a pleasant little cottage, the rent of which was one hundred dollars. The remaining five I could live comfortably upon. Herbert refused entirely looking up work for me; he said I had enough to do to take care of my children. And indeed I had, for there were five, the oldest not nine, the second a cripple from birth, and subject to fits, Mary just running alone, and a pair of twin babes, but a few months old. Though not used to doing my work, I did it the first year alone, except upon washing days. At the end of that time I had saved up one hundred dollars. Then the first quarter of the second came around; your husband punctually remitted his fifty dollars, but the other two sent but twenty five, saying their family expenses had increased so much the last year they could not afford to give me more. Thus my income was reduced to four hundred. I tried to accommodate myself to it. I rented half the cottage and garden for fifty dollars, and dismissed my washerwoman. But Charley's sickness that year brought a heavy doctor's bill, and I saved nothing. The third year they sent but one half as much as the second, and had it not been for the money I saved the first, I must have run in debt. This year they each sent me a five dollar bill, and told me my children were now old enough to put out, and they would recommend me to get a situation as housekeeper somewhere. Never till then did I feel how awful a thing it is to be so very poor. Put out those tender little children, and send Charley to the almshouse! I resolved I would first work my fingers to the bone. Herbert's money came as usual. I felt sure of that, and I had fifty dollars left me yet. I hired this place at once at a rent of twenty, and looked out for work. But I soon found needlework would starve me out, so I took in washing, and if I could only get enough of it, I could maintain us. But a dollar and a half, or two dollars a week, averages my earnings; yet that is better than needlework. But for a severe sickness of three weeks last summer with a fever, I should not have got so behindhand; but I had to hire a nurse and a doctor, for I felt that my life was precious."

"And what did you think was the reason when Herbert did not send his payment a fortnight ago, as was usual?"

"I thought no ill of him. I knew the times were hard."

"But if you had let him known how poorly you were situated, he would have assisted you long ago."

"I know it; but O, sister, it is hard to be dependent, even where the charity is dealt out willingly. I could not bear to mar Herbert's happiness with the recital of my sorrows. He has been not only just, but generous. But I think now I shall be able to get along. One thing troubles me, though—it is how to school Harry; he is a student by constitution, and I cannot bear that his talents and energies should be so much smothered. He is already familiar with the whole range of studies taught in our public school, and I am teaching him what I can at home, evenings."

A low, choking sound from the bed interrupted her. She hastened thither, Mrs. Elmer following. Charley was in a fit.

"Does he often have them?" asked the latter, as after he was brought out of it his mother rocked him again.

"Every day."

All too soon the afternoon wore away, and the visitor must depart.

"Herbert is gone away to spend a week, and I am very lonely. I wish you would lend me Mary for company."

And the little girl, wrapped in her new hood and shawl, was soon ready to go. Ere her aunt left, she kissed the pale cheek of the crippled boy, and slipped something in his hand to buy some paper with. He thought it was a three cent-piece, but when his mother brought a light, she told him it was a gold dollar. And when Harry came back from the station house, he had a dog that would bark for Georgie, and a cat that would mew for Maggie, and an armfull of newspapers for himself and mother to read.

"Who bought them?" said the twins.

"O, Aunt Clara, of course. She is our good fairy."

The widow's pillow was dampened with tears that night; but they were tears of joy.

"Why, how beautiful you have grown in my absence," said Herbert Elmer, earnestly, as after caressing his wife, who had bounded into the hall in a most girlish way to meet him, he led her into the parlor, and to a spot where the brilliant streams of gas-light fell full upon her bright countenance.

"A compliment, truly! As though I did not always look beautiful."

"Always, indeed, but never quite so radiant as now. Pray, what have you been doing?"

"Only trying to be good."

"Good! were you ever anything else?" and he folded her tenderly to his heart.

"O, yes, I have been very wicked; not because I meant to, but because I knew no better. But we'll not discuss this point now. You are weary and hungry. Besides, I have a little relative to introduce you."

And she directed his attention to a table in the back parlor, beside which stood a fairy-like looking creature of six years. Golden curls clustered above her fair brow, and hung about her white shoulders; her blue eyes were radiant with joy, while gladness nestled in the dimples of her cheeks, and threw sunny smiles about her rosebud of a mouth. The tiny hands and slender arms were of wax-like beauty, while a robe of soft rose-colored merino, made in exquisite style, revealed the perfectness of her form. The little slippered feet danced lightly over the rich carpet as Mrs. Elmer summoned her, and clasping the offered hand of the gentleman, ere he had time to speak, she said:

"I know I shall love you."

"A beautiful greeting, truly; but what name bears this little stranger?"

"Look full into her eyes, Herbert."

"It must be—it is George's child!" and he caught her in his arms. "But how happens it she is here?"

"Are you sorry."

"Sorry!—I was never happier."

"Then be content to wait till after supper. There is the warning bell."

Eight o'clock had struck, and Mrs. Elmer had returned from her chamber, whither she had been to put Mary to bed—for she felt that a holy responsibility rested upon her while that child was under her roof, and she gave up the care of her to no one—and she had drawn her chair to the sofa, upon which in husband like *abandon* lounged Herbert.

"Pray, tell me all about it, Clara. I am impatient to know how that little fairy of a niece came hither. It looks like necromancy."

"Heart necromancy it may be, Herbert;" and she told him all.

"God bless you, my own, my beautiful, my noble wife!"

"Here are fifty dollars, Clara; you can purchase your cloak now, if it be not gone. If so, order another."

And he placed the notes in her hand.

"Can you spare it as well as not?"

"O, yes. I was much more successful than I thought."

"May I do with it as I choose?"

"Of course. But you will certainly buy a cloak; wont you?"

"No, indeed; not while your brother's widow does washing for a living. I have formed many plans for her relief. This sum enables me to perfect one. I have ascertained that for forty dollars a year, I can send Harry to Professor N.'s grammar school, and that ten dollars will purchase the necessary text books and etceteras. He shall come up to the city every Monday morning, and return Friday evening, and board with us. It will not add one cent to our expenses; his washing and ironing can be done here, and so his mother will have some little work and food saved her, and he will be at home Saturdays to do up her heaviest errands, and on Sunday to give her a chance to go to church. And then I can every Friday send down by him a basket of necessaries and dainties, perhaps, from our pantry, and we be none the poorer. And out of my pocket-money I can defray his railroad expenses. Is it not a nice plan?"

The tears stood in her husband's eyes, but he said, pleasantly:

"Your head is wiser than I thought."

"Have you time to hear one more?"

"Is it possible?"

"Perfectly. You know we pay our seamstress two dollars a week, and you allow in our household expenses two more for her board. Now let us give our sewing to Mary, and pay her the four dollars. That, with what I shall send her, and what you give her, will keep them comfortable this winter. Harry can take and return the work weekly, and I will see that there is no more given out to her than she can easily do."

"I see but one objection. In these hard times I hate to turn Ellen adrift."

"Ellen is not turned adrift. She gave me warning last week that she must go, and when I asked her why, she said I surely must guess; and I have. She will soon be seamstress to herself and husband."

"If that's the case, your plan is fine indeed. Have you any more?"

"Only one that I'll tell you now. I must wait for times to soften ere I propose my grandest one. You remember of course the exquisite mosaic pin I purchased last spring. Well, Mrs. Laurens has, like every one else, always been in love with it, and has said many times she would give me a third more for it than I paid. Now if you will permit me to sell it for just what I paid, I shall be so happy."

"And what will you do with the money?"

"You know our neighbor, Mr. Mann's, crippled child is dead. The little carriage they used to draw her in he has agreed to sell to me; he would not part with it, but that he feels it wrong to deprive another cripple of its comforts. It is the very thing for Charley; his physicians say that air and exercise will do more for his general health than anything else, but these they cannot give him, because an ordinary child's wagon feels the jolt too much. But this was built purposely for such a case, with springs and cushions, and every convenience and comfort. Now the money my pin cost will buy it and leave me enough to replenish Mary's wardrobe with every needed comfort, and it is scant enough now, for she told me she had not purchased any outside garment for herself since her husband died."

"You are picturing a more beautiful mosaic than the one you part with, Clara. Do as you will, and God bless you for the thought."

"Thank you, Herbert. But here comes little Mary for her morning kiss;" and the child, in picturesque night attire, bounded into her arms.

"Do you love Aunt Clara?" said Herbert, as she turned to receive his caress.

"O, I guess I do, and dearly. Don't you?"

"I feel as if I had never loved her enough."

"She is the *bestest* woman in the whole world, except mother."

"And Uncle Herbert thinks she is the bestest woman in the whole world, except nobody;" and he engaged in a game of romps with the little niece.

"But how will you feel, think you, Clara, when your fashionable friends on promenade meet you with your three year old cloak?"

"Feel?" said she, absently. "Well, I declare I have never once thought!" She paused a moment, then added, while a beautiful light glowed in her eyes, "But I believe I shall feel *very* happy; happier than I ever did with a new one."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Peasant's Cot," a story by CHARLES CASTLETON.
"Changing Names," a tale by HENRY S. TAYLOR.
"The Foundling of the Pont Neuf," a story by M. Y. ST. LEON.
"Retrenchment, or Stopping small Leaks," a domestic sketch by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
"A Revolutionary Dog," an historical sketch by Mrs. CAROLINE A. SOULE.
"The Note Book of Reschid Pacha," translation by ANNE T. WILBUR.
"April Days," verses by E. M. ROBERTS.
"To Weep," stanzas by B. S. BARRETT.
"Wild Flowers," poem by T. D. WILKES.
"A Winter Storm," verses by Mrs. M. W. CURTIS.
"Serenade," by R. G. LANNET.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Pioneers," "Poem," "Requiem," "She died at the setting of the Sun," "Heights of Alma," "To Effie," "To the Loveliest," "Love's Memory," "Brother, thou hast left us," "Little Millie Clapp," "Summer Evenings," and "Lost."

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

Everybody has heard the phrase, the "South Sea Bubble," often applied as it is to gigantic commercial schemes with little bottom; but it was a business that, while it lasted, far outshone the Eastern Land speculation, the Morus Multicaulis mania, and the Hen Fever, which the Young 'Un is now engaged in delineating.

The South Sea Company's establishment, the famous "South Sea House," the last monument of this exploded bubble, standing in Threadneedle Street, London, is now about to be demolished to make way for city improvements. "This," says Charles Lamb, "was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain —and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul has long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices as roomy as the state apartments in palaces, deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of courts and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers, directors, seated on forms, on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long, worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt leather coverings, supporting massive silver inkstands, long since dry; the oaken wainscot hung with pictures of deceased governors—of Queen Anne and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams—and soundings of the bay of Panama!—the long passages hung with buckets, appended in idleness to walls whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration;—with vast ranges of cellaring under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay—an 'unsummed heap' for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal—long since dissipated or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous bubble."

The South Sea Company was incorporated in 1711. It originated in an attempt to reduce the national debt into a more regular form. The first proprietors of the company, holding a large portion of the floating debt of the country, formed a joint stock company, and the privilege of trading to the South Seas was granted them. George I. was chosen governor. In 1720 an act was passed allowing them to increase their capital, and take in subscriptions for financial and trading purposes. Everybody rushed into the speculation, and in June, of the same year, the stock reached the extraordinary price of 1000 per cent! One of Hogarth's caricatures represents the furious mania of the hour—a memorable chapter in the history of popular delusions. People borrowed, begged, mortgaged, and sold, to raise the wind for buying stock. A very few shrewd men, resisting the rage of folly, sold out when the stock commanded the highest price, and realized handsome fortunes. The fall of the stock was as sudden as its baseless rise. Universal panic followed. The banking houses, which had advanced large sums upon the stock, were subjected to so heavy a run that many of them failed, and the consequent financial crisis shook the country to its centre. The whole history is an instructive one. We may laugh at the follies of others; but while the same haste to get rich is manifested among us, we should be somewhat sparing of our ridicule, for we are as ready now to believe in the solidity of a promising bubble, as the good people of Great Britain were more than a century ago.

THE OPERA IN ITALY.—La Scala, in Milan, holds four thousand persons, and is so constructed that the lowest note is audible in every part of the house. Boxes are hired by the season, and to each box a little room is attached, where the occupants sup. Think of eating grapes and *confittieri*, and hearing Verdi at the same time.

SILVER WATER JUG.—The Mercantile Library Association of New York has presented Col. Benton with a silver pitcher and salver, for his public services to the commercial interests of the Union.

ART INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Rothwell, an English artist of great fame, has taken up his residence in Boston. His "Mother and Child," at Cotton's, is an exquisite performance.

DIVORCE.—The rumor that Louis Napoleon is about to divorce Eugenie for the same reason that his uncle put aside Josephine, is false.

JUST SO.—Excellent for these hard times is the name of a St. Louis firm: Grinn & Barrett.

LIEUT. GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

This noble old soldier has at last received justice at the hands of Congress. The bill for conferring on him the brevet title of Lieutenant-General, increasing also his pay by sixteen hundred dollars a year, will be hailed with pleasure by men of all parties. General Scott never had any but political enemies, and now that he is no longer a candidate for civil office, he is only regarded by the nation as a peerless soldier, who has conferred undying lustre on American arms. His political speeches and political movements are forgotten by adherent and opponent, and he is only spoken of now as the hero of two wars. Long may he live to enjoy the laurels he has so nobly earned! "When I sat wounded and helpless on the field of Chippewa," said an officer of the war of 1812 to us one day, "General Scott, riding across the plain, espied me, and instantly checked his horse beside me. 'You are badly hurt, my dear fellow,' said he. 'I would gladly stay with you, but my duty calls me away.' He bowed, touched his horse with the spur, and dashed off. As I gazed upon him, his tall form surmounted by the floating plume, riding so gracefully a fine charger fully up to his weight, the ardor of battle animating every motion, I thought I had never seen so splendid a martial figure in my life."

During the war of 1812 Scott was distinguished by his fiery valor; but it was reserved for the war with Mexico to display in him those great qualities which mark the able general, and which the long interval of peace had ripened. His operations astonished the world. Their base line was more extended than that of any of Napoleon's campaigns. His victories were the logical consequences of his provisions; the demonstration of his propositions. It was true that he had under his command a cloud of brilliant officers, and an intelligent army, animated by a spirit of heroic valor, but it was the plan of that campaign that ensured it success. Did Lord Raglan possess half the military genius and the science of General Scott, the English army would not now be houseless, and ragged, and freezing before Sebastopol, without the means to transport its stores from the landing of the camp, and dependent on its allies for the very roads it traverses, and the ambulances which convey its wounded from the battle-field to the hospital.

The mind of Scott is both comprehensive and analytic; it grapples with masses, and is cognizant of details, and there is no arm of the service with all the minutiæ of which he is not perfectly familiar; he is moreover as vigorous and fit for duty now as in the prime of his manhood.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR.

The useless expenditure of British treasure and lives in the East, from official mismanagement, has caused the greatest exasperation in the people and parliament of England; a feeling, which, as our readers are aware, occasioned the resignation of the Russell ministry, while the difficulties of the war sadly embarrassed the Earl of Derby in his attempt to form a new cabinet. Some of the statements made in debate were astounding. The materials for building wooden houses, to protect the army in the Crimea, were sent out, it seems, at a prodigious cost, and duly reached Balaclava, but such was the want of foresight in the war office, that no wagon train had been provided for the army, though it was making war on so vast a scale. The fogies at home had calculated that the soldiers of Lord Raglan would drag the boards to camp. Even if this scheme were feasible, men enough could not be spared to do it. It was found that it would require 2400 men and six weeks to do the work, and Raglan needed every man at the batteries, in the trenches, or on guard. At last the transportation commenced by carrying two boards at a time on a mule—the wood being used for fuel as soon as it reached camp, for the stupidest soldier could see that it would take years to bring up the rest of the material at that rate. Meanwhile, as we have frequently remarked, the French are in good condition, and possess every article for camping and carrying on the war as it should be. To be sure, they have only six miles to traverse from their landing-place to camp, but to make up for that they volunteered and built a fine road for the English from *their* lines to Balaclava.

SELF SACRIFICE.—The Springfield Republican says that as a young man, named Henry Blodgett, was drawing ice from a pond in Enfield one afternoon, lately, the ice upon which he was standing gave way, and he fell into the water. Two little boys were with him at the time, one of whom also fell in. Young Blodgett succeeded in saving the boy, and placing him upon the firm ice, but in the effort he became so benumbed with cold that he was unable to extricate himself, and was drowned.

BASKET WILLOW.—The cultivation of the European basket willow is strongly recommended in the New England Farmer as a profitable crop on many of our farms. We could as easily raise, cure, and manufacture willow ware as they do in Europe, if we only thought enough about Americanizing ourselves.

COLLATERAL SECURITY.—Banks in Arkansas manage business in rather a primitive manner. Some one writes from there, that before he could get a fifty dollar note discounted, he had to deposit as "collaterals" two cook-stoves and a crosscut saw!

DOGS.—Professor Mapes thinks dogs can reason. We doubt it. If they could, they would not make such fools of themselves as to do a mile in 2.40, just because a tin cullender is fastened to their tails.

AWFUL FACT.—There is a new doctor created about once every hour and a half in the United States alone. This includes only those turned out at the regular manufactories.

WILD CATS.—These amiable animals have been round in Massachusetts lately. Three were shot, not long since, in Easthampton.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The new ship John E. Thayer made the run from Liverpool to Boston in 19 days.

Major Charles H. Appleton was stabbed by a gang of rowdies at Cambridgeport, lately.

General Concha lately presided at a mulatto ball in Havana.

In Cuba they are arming the free negroes in anticipation of the arrival of fillibusteros.

Alvarez has established a provisional government at Acapulco.

Gen. Scott's back pay will amount to $30,000. Hope the Treasury will liquidate at once.

A celebrated French milliner in New York committed suicide in consequence of hard times.

The city government has abandoned the idea of keeping the common clear of ice.

The "wild horse" at Provincetown considers this his hardest winter out.

Steamboat communication between N. Bedford and Nantucket was interrupted one week by ice.

Wilhelm Yung, hung for murder in New Orleans, came near dying by his own hands.

Thieves have been stealing cold lemon pies in School Street. What taste!

Foot passengers must continue to pay toll on the Charlestown bridges—says the Legislature.

They call the young women who skate upon Jamaica Pond, skateresses. What a word!

T. H. Gray, the vitriol man of New York, has been discharged from custody—insanity.

The Boston Herald has donned a new suit of type. It has prospered, and will prosper.

The Post says Dr. Burnham's prescriptions will cure the victims of the Hen Fever.

The jail at Prince Edward's Court House, Va., has been burned. Painful event to convicts.

There has been both skating and sleighing on Jamaica Pond this season.

One of Brigham Young's wives keeps writing to Boston that she is going to expose him.

MISS JULIA DEAN (MRS. HAYNE).

The professional career of this lady, engaged by Mr. Barry, of the Boston, to perform the leading character in Sargent's play of "The Priestess," has been a singularly successful one. She was born in the town of Pleasant Valley, Duchess County, New York, July 30th, 1830. Her father, Mr. Edwin Dean, an actor, married Mrs. Fosdick, previously Mrs. Drake, the celebrated Western actress, whom we remember to have seen during a star engagement at the Tremont Theatre. She died shortly after the birth of Julia.

Miss Dean received a good education, and gave early evidence of talent. Her first appearance was as Julia in the "Hunchback," at Shiers's Theatre, Cincinnati, July 21, 1845, before she had completed her fifteenth year. She was completely successful, and followed up her debut by the performance of a series of characters in tragedy with equal good fortune. Popularity and "golden opinions" rewarded her efforts, and she became from that time a leading star in the theatrical firmament. Her acquaintance with Dr. Hayne commenced in Charleston, S. C., about two years ago, when that gentleman was on a committee, entrusted by a number of her admirers with the duty of presenting her with a splendid head dress, valued at fifteen hundred dollars. A mutual liking soon ripened into a warmer attachment. They met recently by chance on board the vessel in which both were passengers from New Orleans to Galveston. At the latter place, Mr. Dean was apprized by the couple of their attachment, and his consent solicited for their union. It was readily given, and the marriage was solemnized.

Miss Dean was under an engagement with her father, to expire about two years from this date, but although he generously consented to relinquish it, his daughter would not permit the sacrifice, and now remains upon the stage to carry out the agreement. We have heard that a professional tour in England formed a part of Miss Dean's plans. Her engagement at the Boston will doubtless prove a brilliant one, like that at the opening of the season.

EUROPEAN SOCIALISTS.—Victor Considerant, the great French socialist leader, has lately arrived in New York. He is about to establish a colony on socialist principles in Texas. We believe he adopts Proudhommes dogma, that "property is theft." We hope his followers wont act on the principle that "theft is property."

CURIOUS.—They are manufacturing silk shawls at Lyons for the English market, with the engravings of the Crimean feats of arms and localities upon them. Think of a lady promenading the street with the fortress of Sebastopol on her shoulders—which proved too heavy a load for the British ministry.

GOOD NEWS FOR OHIO.—American hams have been consigned to several interior towns and cities in France, and enjoy the preference over other hams. We hope none of our Yankees will disgust them by exporting the wooden ones, which used to be such a staple in our market.

SUBSCRIBING FOR A PAPER.—The only proper way to subscribe for, or obtain any paper, is to communicate with the office of publication direct. Enclose your subscription to the *publisher*, and look with suspicious eye on any person who represents himself as a travelling agent!

An Uncassonable Order.—Scene—Dining Saloon. Polite Waiter.—"Am, sir; yes, sir. Take anything with your 'Am, sir?' Crusty Old Gent.—"Yes; the letter H!"

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of horse and two barrels of bull dogs.

An Irishman in Worcester, Mass., who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, on Saturday night, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

It is reported that the Czar is "disposed to treat." We are glad to hear it. Wonder what the allies will take—besides Sebastopol. The latter, of course, they will take hot, but with no sugar on the outside of their glasses.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer, the Reformer," a story by ALICE CAREY.
"Caught in a Gale," a sea sketch by STEVENS CORBIN, JR.
"Schiller's Mary Stuart," an historical sketch by Mrs. CAROLINE A. SOULE.
"Anecdotes of Art and Artists."
"Winter," a poem by ALBERT O. CHUTON.
"The Sabbath Bell," stanzas by Mrs. SARAH E. DAWES
"Lines," verses by SMITH ELY, JR.
"Shadows," a poem by T. D. WILKES.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Sleighing scene near Boston.

A series of engravings illustrating scenes in Constantinople, giving, a view of the Street of Mohammed; the Tomb of the Sultans Valide; the Mosque of Ahmed, on the Square of the Hippodrome; view of a Street in the Cemetery at Eyoub; the Grand Bazaar, and the Bath of Soliman.

Two large naval scenes, one representing Paul Jones's famous engagement of the Ben Homme Richard and the British ship Serapis, during the Revolution; the other the engagement between the Constitution and the Guerriere, during our last war with England.

Portrait of John C. Warren, M. D., the well known and eminent physician and surgeon of Boston.

Representation of the Theological Seminary, with the Professors' Residences at Gettysburg, Pa.; also the Pennsylvania College on the same plan.

Portrait of Mary Russell Mitford, and a view of her late residence, Swallow-Field Cottage, near Reading, England.

A large and accurate map of Sebastopol and Balaklava, with the positions of the Allies, in their present campaign in the Crimea.

, The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

The Russians report numerous desertions from the Allies to the Russian ranks.

During the year 1854, no fewer than 73,697 persons died in London, out of a population of 2,500,000.

The Allies are going to establish a hospital for 2000 men at Smyrna, and an establishment for convalescents at Rhodes.

Large bodies of Russian troops have been ordered to concentrate themselves at Perekop, with a view of attacking Eupatoria.

The fifteenth anniversary of Queen Victoria's marriage with Prince Albert was celebrated by a public dinner at Windsor, the 9th of February.

A recent Odessa letter says that the Russians will shortly assume the offensive in the Crimea, having received the necessary reinforcements.

A Constantinople letter says the French 80 gun ship, Henry IV., which ran ashore November 14th, has been turned into a fort, and is now of great use to the Allies.

Four English steam propellers now keep up a regular and profitable monthly communication between Plymouth and the civilized settlements of Western Africa.

The London Watchman mentions the sudden death, in the pulpit, of the Rev. Joseph Beaumont, D. D., one of the most popular ministers of the English Wesleyan Church.

A new dock is to be constructed at Havre de Grace, and every ship entering that port since New Year's day is required to contribute 6d. per registered ton towards the expense of making the dock.

An English officer writes that the horses in the Crimea are so starved, that they have eaten one another's manes and tails completely off, and the men can scarcely keep them off the tents and clothing.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

In your language be plain, comely, honest, natural, clear, short, and sententious.

A good education is a better safe guard for liberty than a standing army or severe laws.

No one can improve in company for which he has not respect enough to be under some restraint.

A smile, an expression, will tell a history; there are years of association in it, long years of memory and their shadows.

Every one knows the height of virtue to which he may attain; but no man can anticipate the depth of depravity to which he may descend.

'Tis a sad thing when men have neither art enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to hold their tongues; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

There are certain gossips in society who resemble long and twisted trumpets—what they receive as a faint whisper, they give out in a long, connected blast.

The poet's best art is the expression. For one poetical quotation that is made on account of the thought, a hundred are made for the sake of the phrase.

If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning.

To imagine that mere beauty is sufficient to keep the marriage bond unbroken without heart and intellect, implies a man knit it firmly together, is to attempt wearing a garland of flowers without their stems.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, nor below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in the wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

Joker's Budget.

Sentimental young ladies make the best wives. They may be pensive, but are never expensive.

Mrs. Partington says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they are always chanting their lays.

"Dreaming of walking barefoot, denotes a journey—that will be bootless," and *soleless*, the author might have added.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid of animals, yet always dies game!" Why shouldn't it, when it's made game of!

An infallible remedy for redundancy of style, is for the diffuse author to form the habit of writing advertisements, and *paying* for their insertion.

Two fat noblemen, at a royal levee, were scolded by his majesty for their lankness. "Pardon me," said one, "I walk twice a day around my great cousin yonder."

Scene—Dining Saloon. Polite Waiter.—"Am, sir; yes, sir. Take anything with your 'Am, sir?' Crusty Old Gent.—"Yes; the letter H!"

Quill and Scissors.

The De Vaux legacy for the establishment of a college at Niagara Falls, is much larger than was at first thought. The domain of the institution is 334 acres of land, and the amount of real and personal property for its support is $172,000.

The increase of new tonnage in the United States last year was over half a million of tons, one half of which was built in Maine, and the remainder principally in Massachusetts and New York.

The Cincinnati people are in trouble. A South Carolina lady obtained the place of school mistress in an academy there, and into which a colored boy sought admission, but was refused. Legal measures are talked of.

Ohio is estimated to contain a coal field equal in extent to twelve thousand square miles, or one-third the surface of the State. The amount of coal now dug in the State is estimated at nearly 14,000,000 bushels.

An eagle, with a bell attached, flew over the village of Stainford, Ct., a few days since, at an elevation of two hundred feet, and the aerial tintinnabulation was distinctly audible to the citizens of the place.

An English editor, in criticising Ruth Hall, calls Fanny Fern "the Charles Dickens of America," and hopes he may "have an opportunity of kneeling at her beautiful footstool!"

The manufactories of Wheeling and vicinity during the past year employed 4346 hands, and manufactured articles to the value of $6,478,900, against only $2,126,200 in 1846.

A three mile race came off between Brown Dick and Mary Taylor at Charleston lately. The former was the winner. The time made in the first heat was 5 43; in the second, 5 42.

Potatoes were unknown in Europe previous to the 16th century. Queen Anne, wife of James I., of England, had them as a luxury. They cost 45 cents a pound.

The Plymouth Rock says that for the month ending Monday, Feb. 5th, there had not been a death in that town. This is a little singular, for a population of six or seven thousand.

Mrs. Rush, a millionaire of Philadelphia, gave an entertainment in that city, recently, which, it is said, cost about $20,000. There were 2000 invitations.

Forty-seven million gallons of whiskey, rum, and brandy, and 35,000,000 gallons of strong beer, were made in the United States during the last year.

Mr. Choate recently sent a letter to a Southern city, which, after puzzling all the pundits, was finally taken to a telegraph office to be deciphered.

A former editor of the Brooklyn Advertiser threatens to publish a memoir of Louis Napoleon's discreditable sojourn in New York.

The Danish Sound Dues, from which our government is endeavoring to relieve us and the rest of mankind, amount to $2,500,000.

An Irish girl in Stamford, Ct., lost her life a day or two since, by sleeping with a furnace of burning charcoal in the room.

'Tis nothing for passion to get the better of reason; the greatest triumph is to make interest submit.

There is but one prisoner in the jail at Greenfield, and the jailor says the liquor law must be repealed or he shall starve.

The total income of the Michigan state prison for the year was $18,708 14; expenditures, $24,729 81.

General Whitefield, the delegate in Congress from Kansas, stands six feet five inches in his stockings.

A bed of good coal, six feet thick, has been found on the northwest side of Table Mountain, in California.

The growing wheat crop of California is estimated at 8,487,533 bushels; number of acres planted 135,024.

The directors of the Albany Gas Company have reduced their rates from $4 to $3 per 1000 feet.

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.

Nine-tenths of the enlistments in the army, it is said, are caused by love and whiskey.

The big snow drift in Illinois is eighteen miles long, and eight feet high.

The United States Government pays over a million of dollars a year in pensions.

The speaker of Pennsylvania estimates the militia force of that State at 300,000.

One hundred gallons of soup are furnished the poor in Providence daily.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Wilbur O. Thompson to Miss Julia A. Thompson.

By Rev. Mr. Berrill, Mr. O. O. Witherell to Miss Annie Gross.

By Rev. Mr. Burrill, Mr. Augustus Benke to Miss Frances A. Burdick.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joel Gray to Miss Elvira W. Drury.

By Rev. Phineas Stowe, Mr. James Mitchell to Miss Joanna Corrigan.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Moses McKeilher to Miss Anna Richardson.

By Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Charles H. Pratt to Miss Rachel M. Wilkins.

By Rev. Mr. Frothingham, John S. Holmes, Esq., to Miss Anne Keenan.

At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Webber, Mr. Benjamin Baker to Miss Mary E. Jackson.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Wood, Mr. John T. Seales to Miss Ellen Sophia Woodbury.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Frederick W. Comerford to Miss Hannah F. Jackson.

At Manchester, by Rev. Mr. Gilman, Mr. M. B. Wallace to Miss C. Morgan.

At Stratham, N. H., Mr. J. W. Gerrish to Miss Eunice M. Hoyes.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Gould, Mr. Hiram Boomer to Miss Mary E. Healey.

At Hardwick, by Rev. Mr. Tupper, Dr. George J. Newton to Miss Nancy B. Thomas.

At Portland, by Rev. Dr. Carruthers, Dr. T. F. Twiner to Miss Mary J. Moulton.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Greenleaf C. Batchelder, 45; Mr. Benjamin F. Darling, 35, Mrs. Leafy C. Bowker, 40; Mr. Otis Minott, 39; Mr. Lorenzo T. Lewis, 37; Mrs. Esther Rowe, 66; Mr. Edward Rotrout, 73; Mr. Henry Rogers, Jr., 42.

At Dorchester, Miss Annie C., daughter of Mr. Elijah M. Greenwood, 17 years.

At South Boston, Mrs. Patience Cassidy, 54.

At East Boston, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Cushing Barnes, 37.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Mr. Joseph H. Gardner, 53.

At Charlestown, Sarah B., daughter of John and Sarah A. Brown, 6 years.

At Somerville, Mrs. Tryphena D. Bascom, wife of the late H. L. Bascom, 56.

At West Cambridge, William Flagg, Jr., son of Mr. William F. Hosmer, 17 years.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Nancy Saunders, 78.

At North Brookfield, Mr. Isaac Moore, 80.

At South Wilbraham, Mr. Josiah Langdon, 90.

At Northampton, Mrs. Ann Hayden, 29.

At Portland, Me., Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Charles T. Moore, 25.

At Keene, N. H., Mr. William Torrance, 39.

At Calais, Vt., Hon. John McLean.

At New Haven, Ct., Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Professor Josiah W. Gibbs, 48.

At South Canaan, Ct., Rev. Harley Goodwin, 57.

At Morristown, N. J., Rev. John H. Townsend, 56.

At California, Mrs. Mary E., wife of Mr. Jasper S. Whiting, 26.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY PERSIS S. LEWIS.

He had wandered mid the mountains,
He had trod the desert-sands,
And had heard old ocean's surges
Break on many a distant strand
He had drank its musle-anthem
From the blue Pacific's shore,
And its hoarser, wilder murmurs,
Where the northern breakers roar

Mid the glowing tropic-islands,
Lone and bright in southern seas,
He had watched strange, starry blossoms
Tremble to the perfumed breeze.
Where soft sunsets piled the west
With clouds of purple and of gold,
And had watched the blue heavens nightly,
In many a region old.

But his heart was wildly yearning,
For the sights and sounds of home;
Deep within his soul were burning,
Dreams that clustered round that dome.
And he felt, that never, never,
Would the white and shining wings
Of the dove of Peace be folded,
But amid home's sacred things.

There, beside the dear old cottage,
Stood the mourned and wandering one;
In the soft and silvery moonlight,
As in boyhood he had done.
Still the green old woodbine clustered
O'er the gray and mossy eaves,
And the old white rose-tree showered
Down its wealth of snowy leaves.

And he gazed within the casement—
Lights were softly shining there,
On the old familiar hearth-stone,
And that blessed old arm-chair.
But low sunk the bounding pulses,
For strange faces were within!
No familiar voices chanted,
Soft and sweet, the evening hymn.

Where were they, the loved and honored,
And the sister, young and fair?
And his wild heart asked the question,
Only echo answered, where?
But the long grass greenly waving,
Distant from the humble dome,
Told the wanderer but too plainly,
All he now might claim of home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HEIRESS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"Can you tell me anything about the village of Ashford, in the town of L—?" asked a respectable looking, elderly woman of a young gentleman, who had just taken a seat near her in a railroad car.

"There is not a pleasanter locality in this part of the country," was the courteous reply.

"Healthy?"

"Unquestionably so."

"No low land?"

"Very little, madam."

"Nor east winds?"

"No more than usually falls to the lot of any place. I believe ladies are not fond of an east wind," he added, smiling.

"No, it makes 'em cross—at least it does me," said the old lady, opening a large workbag, from which she took a silk handkerchief, and leisurely wiped her spectacles.

"Good kind of folks in Ashford?" she continued, after concluding a steady survey of the young man's countenance.

"I shouldn't like to express an opinion on that subject, as it might be a prejudiced one. I live in Ashford."

"How lucky! Now I can find out all about the place beforehand; that is, if you'll be obliging enough to tell me?" she added, in an interrogative tone.

"Certainly, certainly, madam. Any information I may possess, will be cheerfully given," was the prompt reply.

"I s'pose Rose wouldn't think it worth while to ask any questions, but I'm of a different mind. Forewarned, forearmed, you know?"

Rose? then there was a lady in the background? A new interest was immediately awakened in the young man's mind; therefore he nodded affirmatively to the last remark.

"Ashford people mind their own business?" resumed the female at his left, jerking the strings of her bag together, and swinging it dexterously over her arm.

"In a good degree, I am happy to say."

"Any tattlers there?"

"No more than you will find in any place, especially a country village," he returned, a good deal amused at her peculiar mode of questioning.

"For my part, I like the city best; you can do as you like there, and nobody interferes with you. But Rose has taken it into her head that she'll spend the summer in Ashford, so there's nothing to do but fall in with her plans."

"Rose is your daughter, I presume?"

"Bless you, no! She's Miss Rathburn, the heiress. I'm only housekeeper. A favored person, perhaps, because I've been in her family so many years. She has a great many suitors, as might be supposed; but I dare say they don't suit her, or she wouldn't be so anxious to get away from 'em."

There was a moment's silence. The young man obviously wanted to learn more respecting Miss Rathburn, but he was too well-bred to make the desire manifest.

"I'm on the way to Ashford, now, to get the house in readiness for my young lady. She says she wants to leave the smoke and dirt of the city, and be where she can see green grass and flowers, and hear the birds sing. But, dear me," added the speaker, looking up suddenly, as if just conscious that she did not even know the name of the person she was addressing,—"Miss Rose would call me dreadful thoughtless if she was to know how I'd been running on before a stranger."

"You may rely upon my prudence, madam. I will not repeat what you have been kind enough to tell me."

The tone and manner of the young man convinced the matron that she need have no fears.

"I hope you wont. My name is Eldredge—Mrs. Eldredge. What—"

"You may call me Fletcher," he interrupted, anticipating her query. For the next five minutes there was nothing said on either side. The train gradually slackened speed, and finally stopped.

"The next station is Ashford, Mrs. Eldredge. I am obliged to stop at this place, or I should be happy to offer any assistance in my power. Permit me to wish you good morning."

The young gentleman rose, bowed respectfully, and stepped from the cars, thinking, it must be acknowledged, more about Miss Rose than her talkative housekeeper.

The people of Ashford had plenty to talk about. Miss Rathburn had resided in the village some two months, and they knew no more respecting her than they did on the day of her appearance. She went to church occasionally, and walked in the fields by herself a great deal. Nobody felt acquainted with her, although she was at all times courteous and polite to those who addressed her. Young gentlemen who had the good fortune to get sight of her face, declared her a beauty; and as she enjoyed the reputation of being an heiress, it was certainly no wonder that she became an object of interest, especially to the younger portion of the community. To be a beauty and an heiress combined, were quite sufficient to excite the envy of many of her own sex, who unhesitatingly pronounced her a "sentimental schemer," "an affected pretender," laying her plans to entrap some unsuspecting young man.

The new comer was undoubtedly independent in the matter of dress. She wore simple white most of the time, with a pretty gipsy hat placed coquettishly on her beautifully formed head, secured by long blue ribbons. She had fine hair, too, which fell in jetty curls over her swan-like neck, thereby shocking the sensibilities of staid matrons with plain daughters.

Among the number wishing to make the acquaintance of Miss Rathburn, Fletcher Gale was one of the most anxious. His conversation with the loquacious Mrs. Eldredge in the railroad car had been carefully treasured up, though never repeated. Rose was a sweet name. Should he ever be on friendly terms with the fair owner?

After much persuasion he prevailed on his stately sister Marion to accompany him in making Miss Rathburn a neighborly call. The young lady met them at the door, and Fletcher, after introducing himself and companion, was soon made quite at ease by her lady-like manner and ready conversation. Without making any pretension, or displaying affectation, she convinced him that she was not a boarding-school automaton, or a parlor appendage. A refined, cultivated mind was hers, now and then sending forth a fresh, glowing thought, clothed in language totally unlike what he had been accustomed to hear from young ladies of fashion.

Marion Gale sat stiffly in a corner, once in a while dropping a monosyllable, but principally engaged in taking note of every article in the room, which was neatly, though plainly furnished. Her lip unconsciously curled as she marked her brother's enthusiastic tone and admiring glance. She wished she had stayed at home, and discouraged all attempts at acquaintance. It was quite unlikely that Miss Rathburn was an heiress. There was nothing in evidence such a supposition, either in the latter's appearance, or the aspect of her surroundings. It was probably all a ruse of that politic young lady, to gain a husband; and, moreover, having learned, no doubt, of Fletcher Gale's large expectations, she deemed him a proper subject to experiment upon.

The effect of these unjustifiable thoughts was not to make Miss Gale appear more amiable or agreeable. She rose to go very soon, asking Miss Rathburn to return the visit in such a constrained, and withal condescending tone, that Fletcher felt a flush of anger mantle his face at his sister's rudeness. Repeating the invitation in a way to suit himself, he added, "that he anticipated much pleasure from her society, and should take the liberty to show her some fine walks in the vicinity."

A smile from the young hostess assured him that his words were rightly construed, and that Marion's haughty leave-taking would not be considered his.

"Well, Marion what is the report?" asked Mrs. Gale, as her daughter entered the room, with more than usual dignity, followed by her brother.

"Simply that I wish Fletcher had made this call alone."

"My sentiments, exactly," he could not help retorting.

"Why, how is this?" exclaimed the mother, turning toward Fletcher. "I thought it was by your express desire that Marion accompanied you."

"So it was, but I thought her mannerly enough to treat a stranger, and a thorough lady, with common urbanity."

"It is just here, mother," interrupted Marion. "Fletcher is vexed because I would not play the hypocrite to Miss Rathburn, who may, for aught any of us know, be something entirely different from what she professes."

The young lady emphasized the last clause of her sentence strongly, exchanging at the same time a significant glance with her mother.

"I was not aware that Miss Rathburn had made any professions. She certainly deported herself in an exceedingly becoming manner, and I regret to say, my sister did not," rejoined her brother, calmly.

"I flatter myself, sir, that I know how to conduct properly, on all occasions!" responded the young lady, nettled by Fletcher's quiet reproof. "I do not intend to lower myself by associating with every upstart that may choose to palm herself off for an heiress, whatever a member of my family may choose to do!"

Fletcher bit his lips. He forced himself to silence lest he should express himself too strongly, but it cost him an effort to do so.

"Then you shouldn't judge her to be an heiress?" said Mrs. Gale, with an air of deep interest.

"An heiress! Think of straw matting, flag-bottomed chairs, pine tables, and bungling lounges covered with eight cent patch, in connection with an heiress! Doesn't it look probable?"

"Was that all you saw in the room?"

"I believe there was a piano in one corner," replied Marion.

"An old fashioned, second-hand thing, I presume?"

"No, it was a handsome, richly-carved instrument, and looked strangely out of place, I can assure you. But don't imagine for a moment that it's hers; by some nice management she has probably got it in her possession to help advance her well laid schemes."

"How was she dressed?" asked the mother.

"White, virgin white!" drawled Marion.

"Curls?"

"Frizzles, mother, frizzles—hanging like bunches of strings down her bare neck!" replied Miss Gale, with a toss of the head.

"I dare say she thinks it looks girlish," said the mother, who always followed Marion's lead.

Fletcher's brow darkened, but he did not suffer himself to speak, feeling certain that indignation would overcome prudence.

"I wonder what her first name is?" resumed Mrs. Gale.

"Rose," she calls herself. "Rose Rathburn. Selected from some novel, I presume. Rebecca is more likely to be her true name."

And so Marion Gale put all her envy, spite and jealousy into words which placed the subject of her remarks in as disadvantageous a light as possible. Her woman's penetration having discerned the bent of his inclinations, she hoped by a little timely ridicule to weaken his half formed purpose. But she was no diplomatist. The very means taken to prejudice him against Miss Rathburn, only strengthened his resolve to know the latter better. Marion was conscious that her influence over Fletcher was on the wane. Her proud, imperious temper and haughty manners repelled him; they were in disagreeable contrast to the graceful dignity and unassuming deportment of the lady-like stranger.

The next morning Fletcher Gale met Miss Rathburn at the village post-office. He had the satisfaction of walking home with her, and did not refuse her invitation to walk in and sit awhile. Rose was a good talker. She had read much, and to advantage. The fine play of her features when speaking, and her soft, lute-like voice, added to the charm of her conversation. She sang for him, also; not screaming, shrieking operas, but touching ballads, which rarely fail to appeal to the better part of our angular natures.

Fletcher was a very good vocalist, and before the young lady rose from the instrument, they had performed several duets together, which the former fancied could not be executed more creditably. But suddenly bethinking himself that his call was getting to be an unfashionably long one, he took leave, feeling quite confident that whether Rose Rathburn was an heiress or not, she was certainly a very lovely girl. Fletcher Gale could appreciate a highly cultivated mind. He had a horror of simpering misses, and bowing, brainless fops. Taking a common-sense view of life, he looked upon woman as something more than a doll, made for ornament rather than use—therefore judged that mere personal beauty and showy accomplishments did not go far towards making the true female character.

Visit succeeded visit, until each day saw him in Rose Rathburn's presence. To be brief, he found himself on the eve of falling in love. He felt a satisfaction in being near her; in hearing her speak, in listening to the songs she repeated so often at his request; in watching the varying expression of her speaking countenance. He knew but little about her, it was true, and cared as little whether she were rich or poor. Rose had treated him just as she treated everybody—kindly and respectfully. So Fletcher had no particular reasons for supposing that she looked upon him with more favor than others of her gentlemen visitors.

Meanwhile Marion Gale was "taking notes." Her brother rarely saw Rose without her knowledge. The houses being near together, by sitting at an upper window, she could plainly see when his visits commenced and terminated. Excessively annoyed at his obstinate foolishness, as she termed it, she held frequent consultations with her mother as to what should be done.

"There was no doubt but Fletcher would be silly enough to be entangled by the girl's arts, and put the climax to his folly by a marriage which would disgrace the family. It was too bad, really too bad! Fletcher was talented, good looking, and might marry a fortune, if he chose, instead of throwing himself away," Marion exclaimed, after watching a full hour for his re-appearance, to take her to ride.

"Not a minute does he spare for me now," she continued. "I can drive myself out, or walk alone, I suppose. It'll come to that before long. I wonder how long he intends to make me wait? Miss Rathburn first, then perhaps he'll honor me."

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Gale, "that we might find out something about this girl through that Mrs. Eldredge, her housekeeper. Throw her off her guard a little, and she might let out the truth; for I am well enough convinced that this scheming creature has laid plans to deceive the Ashford people."

"I haven't a doubt of it, mother. But we can't do anything with the housekeeper, for there can't be a word got out of her. I know of several who have tried the experiment. It was all arranged beforehand, probably."

Mrs. Eldredge had become entirely non-committal, evading all questions relating to her young lady, by reason, it may be presumed, of hints given by the latter after her arrival.

"I hope you haven't been waiting for me, Marion?" said Fletcher, entering at the moment. "Unluckily I forgot your request until a few moments ago," he added, in an apologetic tone.

"Of course you forgot it! It isn't to be expected that you will take any interest in matters relating to a person of so little consequence as your sister," retorted the offended young lady.

"You are unreasonable, Marion. I own to carelessness in forgetting your request, but not to a desire to deprive you of a ride. Shall we go now?" he asked.

"No, I am not in the mood for riding. If you want company you can get Miss Rathburn to go with you. I dare say she'd be glad of your society the rest of the day!"

Fletcher frowned and abruptly left the room, as he had latterly been in the habit of doing when Rose was mentioned. He was annoyed by Marion's interference in a matter concerning only himself. Why were not all females like Miss Rathburn?

"I've got an idea," said Mrs. Gale, as the door closed after him.

Marion was glad of it.

"You see nothing can be done with Fletcher, he's so obdurate. Now wouldn't it be a good plan to go and see this Rose Rathburn and request her to discourage his visits? If she has any sense of propriety, Fletcher wont trouble us much longer in that direction. What do you think of my suggestion?"

Marion liked it, but she could not think of demeaning herself before that "artful piece."

"Of course not. I shall go myself. Perhaps I may give her a little good advice, as she don't seem to have any mother. I shall tell her that Fletcher is young, and don't know his own mind yet," rejoined Mrs. Gale, with a complacent air.

It was a week before the anxious mother found a convenient opportunity to go on her benevolent errand. She rang, and was shown into the room which Marion had described to her. Her quick glance rested on a couple of books which she recognized as Fletcher's. "And there's his flute, too, if I've any eyes! I missed it the other day from Marion's piano. Well, it's high time something was done. Ah, here comes madam, white dress, curls and all!" she soliloquized, as she found herself in the presence of a lady answering the description of Rose.

"Perhaps you don't know me, miss," observed she, bowing frigidly.

A polite negative reply.

"I'm Mrs. Gale—Fletcher Gale is my son."

The young lady bowed, remarking that it was a fine day.

"Very fine, miss. What may I call your name?"

"Rathburn."

"Ah, yes, I remember now. Well, as I was saying, it was such a pleasant morning, I thought I would step in," resumed Mrs. Gale, not knowing exactly how to commence the engagement.

Miss Rathburn expressed her pleasure, adding, that as she contemplated spending some time in the village, it would be desirable to form an acquaintance.

"I am a good deal older than you, Miss Rathburn, and I feel sure that any thing I say will be taken in good part."

The younger lady looked a little surprised, but promptly said, "yes."

"I've a girl about your age, and I know she often needs motherly advice. All young girls need advice, Miss Rathburn."

The preface was getting longer than she intended. She wasn't a step nearer than at first; so courageous Mrs. Gale boldly faced the difficulty at once.

"My son's conduct displeases me," she said, looking her hostess steadily in the face.

"How can I help it?" asked the latter, wonderingly.

"By forbidding him to visit you!"

"But I never saw your son, to my knowledge," replied Miss Rathburn, with a still more perplexed expression.

"Never saw my son! Never saw Fletcher Gale! What assurance!"

"I beg, Mrs. Gale, that you will explain. I do not understand what you are talking about."

"Don't understand! I didn't suppose you capable of such unblushing falsehood," exclaimed Mrs. Gale, striving to be very calm, while her voice trembled with excitement.

"Falsehood, madam!"

"Yes, falsehood, for it is nothing less!" added the indignant woman, jumping from her chair, and speaking very fast. "It is shameless effrontery for you to sit there, looking so innocent and surprised, and deny that you know anything about my son! You, that have come to Ashford to deceive people, to pass yourself off for an heiress—to catch a husband—to disgrace a family of undoubted respectability! I'm going, Miss Rathburn—you need not try to smooth it over. I shouldn't believe it if you did. But of one thing you may be sure; Fletcher Gale will never be your husband! I wish you a very good morning, Miss Rathburn!"

Mrs. Gale sailed out of the room, through the hall, and into the street, leaving the young lady sitting in the same position which she had first taken, quite as much astonished as the former was angry. She realized this much; that a torrent of angry words had been uttered, and that a highly incensed woman had just left the house. As for the rest, we will leave her to think upon it at leisure.

The irritated mother poured into Marion's ready ears an account of what had occurred. Could it be possible that Fletcher knew what he was about? Such bare-faced prevarication! Marion suggested that he should be informed of the perverted state of Miss Rathburn's principles, but the more prudent Mrs. Gale thought such a course might be instrumental in bringing about an understanding between the parties, which was the very catastrophe dreaded. So they kept the affair to themselves, in the meantime relaxing no effort to throw obstacles in the way of the consummation of Fletcher's intentions.

The latter was in a state of nervous uncertainty. He experienced sentiments for Rose Rathburn which no other female had been able to awaken. Whether they were reciprocated, was the all absorbing thought of his mind. The suspense was painful. Rose had said that she was expecting company, and another occasion might not offer so favorable as the present. He was alone with her, at the twilight hour. What better opportunity.

"Miss Rathburn," he commenced, drawing his chair nearer hers.

"I think I said you might call me Rose," remarked playfully, observing that he made a full stop after the two words.

"Thank you, Rose, I like it much better. And your kindness gives me courage to say what has been in my thoughts a long time."

Fletcher paused. Rose looked down at the straw matting.

"It is perhaps needless to say," he resumed, "that your society has many attractions for me. Your purity of mind, elevation of thought and refinement of manners are fascinations that I have not been able to resist. Your kindly, gentle influence gives me higher aspirations, stimulates me to nobler purposes and purer motives of action, and prompts me to value the real more than the artificial. And Rose, you have learned me to love you. Will you be my wife?"

The young man spoke low and earnestly.

"And you are content to take me as I am—fatherless, motherless and poor?" she questioned, in her own quiet way.

"Just as you are, Rose—I have said it."

"Report has called me an heiress, but report meant my cousin Ruth. The name sounds much like my own. I am frank, you see. I would willingly give no wrong impressions, much less to the one who has honored me by the offer of his hand."

"I am not mercenary, Rose. It is immaterial to me whether Fortune has smiled or frowned upon you. Believe me capable of loving you for yourself alone, can you not?"

"I can—I do! Many professions I am not in the habit of making; but if this is worth your acceptance, here it is."

As Rose spoke, she placed her small hand in Fletcher's, who had the audacity to immediately raise it to his lips, as a suitable way of expressing his thanks for the gift.

Perhaps our young people were not as romantic in their love-making as many, but they were certainly as sincere. Fletcher was very happy.

What cared he now for his mother's opposition or Marion's malice? They were but trifles, yet he had not the heart to add one drop of bitter to his cup of pleasure, that evening; he would speak of the disagreeable subject some other time. He lingered long by the side of Rose, almost fearing lest the blissful present might prove a delusive dream, and the hopeful future an illusion.

It was a late hour when Fletcher Gale sought his own home to think over the events of the last few hours. He could not sleep—his mind was too active for that—but he could reflect. Rose had told him her history, or at least such portions of it as would interest him to know. Her parents dying in her infancy, she had been educated and maintained by the liberality of a kind aunt, who was herself childless. This relative had recently deceased, leaving her a sufficient sum to place her above want, bequeathing another niece a legacy, which, in the opinion of the world, constituted her a girl of fortune. So Ruth was the heiress, not Rose.

Fletcher was not conscious of a throb of disappointment at hearing this. Rose was a treasure in herself. Gold and silver were not worthy to be weighed in the balance with her beauty of mind and person, and natural goodness. He had money enough for both, and so he told her. They would have a nice little home in some quiet spot, and be very happy. Rose was content.

One day later found our friend Fletcher walking in at Miss Rathburn's front door without ceremony. Depositing his hat on the hall-table he stepped into the tidy sitting-room, holding carefully a choice bouquet of flowers.

"I have brought my Rose some roses," he said, in a gay tone, presenting them with much gallantry.

Rose did not bid him welcome as was her wont. She bowed as though he had been a stranger instead of an accepted lover, looking embarrassed all the while. What did it mean? Had she repented her words of the night before, so soon? Was she playing him a trick? Fletcher stepped back.

"Rose—Miss Rathburn," he began.

"Ah, sir, excuse my impoliteness. You wish to see Rose. I will call her," said the lady on the lounge, interrupting him.

Fletcher was still more confounded by her words than her strange deportment. Was that Rose's shadow that had just disappeared? Evidently not, because shadows were never known to speak, and he distinctly remembered hearing a human voice. He was getting deeper and deeper into a labyrinth of doubt and perplexity, when Rose and her exact counterpart came in to solve the problem.

"Ruth," said the former, "this is Mr. Gale, whom you have heard me mention. Fletcher, let me make you acquainted with my cousin Ruth."

The motion of lips told who was speaking, else he would have been puzzled to know which was cousin Ruth. Fletcher was confused—there is no denying it; but he made as good a bow as he could, under the peculiar circumstances.

"Pardon my dullness, ladies," he stammered, "but I assure you I never was more bewildered in my life."

"You are not the first one in that dilemma," rejoined Rose, laughing. "Ruth and I have been the innocent means of puzzling a great many people. We usually pass for twin sisters."

You are very like—very like. An extraordinary resemblance! Hair, eyes, complexion, height, everything," exclaimed Fletcher, still gazing at the two ladies with undiminished wonder.

Rose placed a chair for him, and he sat down and tried to make himself agreeable; but his eyes would wander from Ruth to Rose and from Rose to Ruth, causing those young ladies to smile involuntarily. Laughter is contagious, and a hearty fit of it by all parties, put them quite at ease.

As the novelty of the singular resemblance began to wear off a little, Fletcher's thoughts recurred to the bouquet. He had held it tightly in his hand since his entrance. Now, he carefully ... the string which confined the flowers, and dividing them into two equal parts, presented one to each, observing that "cousin Ruth deserved half, as the whole had once been offered her."

The personal resemblance between Rose and Ruth Rathburn was striking; there the likeness ceased. Their temperaments were different, their tastes and dispositions decidedly unlike. This Fletcher discovered during an hour's conversation with the latter. There was a dissimilarity of voice, too, which he wondered he had not at first remarked. Ruth was a girl of discretion. She knew there were particular seasons when three is one too many; so she left the room on some pretence, and was thoughtful enough not to return. Fletcher didn't doubt she was an excellent young lady, yet he had no desire to exchange his Rose for her, although she might be an heiress.

When they were alone, the laughable mistake of the evening was again alluded to, and led to the mention of Mrs. Gale's visit. Rose did not intend to particularize, but a little persuasion induced her to tell the whole. Fletcher was surprised and sorry that his mother should have so far forgotten herself.

"I was a little in fault, I fear," Rose added. "I had casually heard of your mother's dislike to myself, and having never spoken with her, I prevailed upon my frolicksome cousin, who had arrived only that morning, to take my place; she being wholly ignorant that such a person as yourself existed. I did not know your mother's errand, but I told Ruth not to call me unless I was explicitly asked for. She, however, was quite as much astounded by the warm language and determined manner which she encountered, as your mother could have been by her prompt denial of your visits here. It was intended as a joke, but it terminated rather seriously for both parties, I believe. I don't think Ruth will be persuaded to personate me again. But you look serious, Fletcher. If I did wrong, I will try and repair the error."

"No, my dear, I have nothing to condemn. My mother only was in fault; she was too hasty. She is blinded by prejudice, as well as Marion." And reluctantly he went on to speak of the feeling which prevailed at home.

Rose grew thoughtful.

"Do not let me be the means of bringing trouble and discord into your family," she said. "Say but the word, and you are as free as—"

A look of reproach prevented Rose from finishing the sentence.

"I should like to please my mother and sister, could I do so consistently. But in this matter I must be my own judge; no one can choose for me. Let us talk about something pleasanter, Rose." And they did.

It was rumored in Ashford that Mrs. Gale was soon to have the handsome stranger for a daughter-in-law. That lady stoutly denied the truth of the report, while Marion tossed her head proudly as if the matter was entirely beneath her notice. But when Fletcher voluntarily spoke of his engagement to them, things took another turn. The mother stormed, declaring "that the impudent, unprincipled minx should never enter her doors,"—and Marion haughtily assured him, "that he need not flatter himself she should acknowledge Rose Rathburn as sister;" while his father, an easy, good-tempered man, inclined to the opinion that Fletcher "was old enough to manage his own affairs."

Mrs. Gale was greatly incensed at this lack of sympathy on the part of her husband—who had not interfered with his son's love affairs, except to advise him never to marry solely for beauty or wealth—affirming that had he proper spirit, he would disown him on the spot; to which suggestion the old gentleman smiled by way of reply.

Fletcher expected just such a scene. He was even prepared to listen patiently to the details of his mother's interview with her she had supposed to be Rose—her "unbounded assurance and unblushing falsehood." When she had finished her version of the story, Fletcher gave his, which, in the estimation of Mr. Gale, absolved the young lady from the worst charges preferred against her. His wife looked rather ashamed of her mistake, and moderated her words perceptibly; but when her son left the family circle an hour afterwards, her brow was clouded, and her "good-night" was spoken shortly and sharply.

Three months from that time, Rose and Ruth Rathburn became brides. The ceremony was performed in the neighboring city of B—, at the residence of Ruth's father, an eminent counsellor at law, well known to Fletcher by reputation. He was unaware of the relationship, however. In the evening a party of select friends assembled to congratulate the newly married couples, among whom Rose seemed to be perfectly at home, receiving marked attention in a way that showed her accustomed to the best society.

"Let us steal a few moments to look at the house which the heiress is to occupy, before callers come in," suggested Rose, the following morning.

Fletcher acquiesced, and the carriage being soon in readiness, they were set down at the door of an elegant free-stone front building in a fashionable quarter of the city. It was all ready for occupancy, lacking nothing in the way of comfort or luxury that could be desired.

"How do you like it?" demanded Rose, after they had inspected every part, and returned to the drawing-rooms to rest.

"O, very much, very much indeed. Whoever supervised the furnishing of these apartments was a person of taste. Ruth will be very happy here. I wish it were in my power to give you a home like this," Fletcher responded, in a tone slightly regretful.

"Then you would prefer this to the more modest one we spoke of?" she queried archly.

"Only for your sake, Rose, only for your sake!"

"Unselfishness never goes unrewarded," she added, growing more serious. "This is my home, and henceforth, if you wish it, yours."

"Your home! Why, I thought that Ruth was—"

"My cousin will not reside in this city. I used her name to cover a little purpose of my own," said Rose, laughing at Fletcher's surprise.

"Your uncle is very generous, he added, immediately.

"He never gave me ten dollars in his life," was the prompt response.

Fletcher Gale looked at his bride steadily; there was a lurking smile about her mouth, and a twinkle in her eyes that he did not understand.

"Ruth is an heiress, so am I. Did it never occur to you that there might be two?"

The young husband gazed at the fair speaker with increased astonishment.

"I have referred to an aunt who left me a sum large enough to prevent my becoming dependent upon others. I did not mention the amount; it was fifty thousand. Sufficient, is it not?"

Fletcher's answer was not recorded; it must be imagined; but it is certain that he found no fault with his wife's aunt, his wife's legacy, or her device to get rid of fortune-hunters. The expedient had succeeded well, although it came near being spoiled by her housekeeper's loquacity. Rose had hired the house in Ashford, ready furnished, taking nothing from her city residence—which her relative had owned for many years—save her wardrobe and piano—the same instrument which Marion Gale insisted was hired for the occasion.

Mrs. Gale concluded to be reconciled to her son's marriage when she found that he had really wedded an heiress; and the stately Marion was finally more anxious to "acknowledge" Rose as a sister-in-law, than she was formerly desirous of denying the proposed relationship, but as the latter was neither revengeful nor unforgiving, their weaknesses were overlooked and their faults forgotten.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SONNET TO MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

America's sweet poetess art thou;
Who here hast won imperishable fame;
Immortal laurels will adorn thy brow,
And unborn millions learn to breathe thy name.
Whose gifted harp is e'er attuned in love,
For all who mourn or shed the bitter tear;
And many now in realms of light above,
By thee were blest, when sorrowing pilgrims here.
But more endeared unto the chosen few
Who share thy friendship, and who know thy worth;
And when life's varied journey shall be through,
And thou shalt close thine eyes on all of earth—
May thy pure spirit find a rest above,
Where nought can weary more, where all is joy and love.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HUMANE SOCIETY:

—OR,—

DISINTERESTEDNESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

BY JAMES ANSON.

The most remarkable feature of the town of Winterford, is its great number of ponds. It is almost as plentifully spotted with ponds, as a honey-comb is with cells, and though they add much to its beauty, they likewise increase the chances to be drowned, afforded by nature to its privileged children. Fishing, sailing or skating are common amusements in Winterford, and therefore the holidays of its youth are attended with perils which seldom beset communities of less moist peculiarities. The parents of Winterford have a good deal of water—although it is decidedly a temperance town—so many fatal accidents have occurred upon its ponds, and when holidays arrive, they ponder very gloomily upon the ponds and feel as anxious as a hen who has hatched duck's eggs, so readily do their offspring take to the water-side.

Leonard Gray, a shoemaker of this town, was a young man, who, having early taken to the water, had acquired the useful art of swimming, and this knowledge he had turned to good account by saving the lives of several individuals, old and young, whom the numerous waters of Winterford had at various periods threatened to engulf forever in their treacherous bosoms. Not many years ago, some of the inhabitants organized a humane society, with special reference to rewarding those who thus preserved life, as well as to provide for those whom death by drowning had made or should make destitute.

One cold winter's day, while Leonard, whose shop was on the shore of one of the ponds, was hammering away over his lap-stone, he heard cries of "help, help!" and running to the door, observed a number of boys gathered about a large hole in the ice, twenty or thirty rods from the shore. Guessing what had happened, he hurried to the spot and plunged in, and in a few minutes had returned to the surface and placed upon the ice a boy of some eight years of age, a son of one of the selectmen of the town, who was a member of the humane society.

As soon as the youth was restored, he was sent home, and our hero, after changing his garments, returned to his awl and hammer; but on the following day he was attacked with a fever, and for two weeks it was thought he had made his last wax end. Dr. Pond, however, insisted that he was not doomed to give it up so. The doctor was right, and Leonard was soon all right also.

The inhabitants of Winterford were loud in praise of Leonard Gray, and some of them began to murmur because the humane society had taken no notice of his bravery and humanity. These murmurs came to the knowledge of the society, and they got into a great pucker about it. Four of the persons met at the house of Deacon Hadad Bodger, and held an anxious conference.

"I have no doubt," said the deacon, "that Mr. Gray is a very worthy young man, and he certainly deserves a reward; but, my friends, we are to recollect that Winterford is full of ponds, and people are liable to be drowned in 'em every day in the week. To be sure it would be a good plan to save as many of them as we can; but if we are to give a reward for every one who is saved, it will cost a mint of money, and I would like to know where the money is to come from."

Another member spoke out, and said he:

"There is another serious objection; if we reward everybody who saves another from getting drowned, we may be imposed upon. Persons may be found who will fall in on purpose, and then divide the reward with those that go in after them."

Then another remarked:

"This young man is said to be a good swimmer and lives so handy to the water, that it's easy enough for him to jump in, and he might make a handsome living by making shoes and saving people's lives!"

Another gave it as his opinion:

"That, as the society were not very flush just then, time ought to be taken for consideration, and if Mr. Gray did not make any fuss about not getting a reward, the affair would probably blow over, and thus the money be saved."

Meanwhile Leonard Gray's friends kept continually harping upon the neglect of the humane society, and some of them told him, that if they were he, they would "put a piece in the paper about it;" they would never let the society rest until they forked over something—either money, a medal, or some other token in commemoration of his noble exploit. But Leonard absolutely refused to do anything about it.

"I didn't do it for a reward," said he.

"But don't you think you deserved one?"

"Virtue is its own reward," he replied.

"But don't you think it's mean in them to withhold all acknowledgment of the feat?"

"That may be thought by some," answered Leonard, "but I don't like to have anything to say upon the subject. What's done is done, and let it rest there. This much I will say, however. I should like to have had them make me just an offer of something. Of course I wouldn't accept anything—I'm no mercenary—but it would look as if I hadn't been slighted, and besides it would do them as much credit as it would me."

When these praiseworthy sentiments came to the knowledge of the society, they began to feel a little ashamed of themselves, and as they were daily made more and more uneasy about public opinion on the subject, they held a consultation to see what was best to be done.

"I think upon the whole," said Deacon Bodger, "that we had better give the young man something."

"But he says resolutely that he wouldn't receive anything," returned one.

"So much the better for us if he don't," replied the deacon, chuckling. "We shall save ourselves by making the offer, and that, my friends, I fancy, is the principal thing, after all. What had it better be?"

One suggested a silver pitcher, another a goblet, another a vase, etc. etc., with the exploit engraven on the plate, whatever it should be. One, a little meaner than the rest, proposed a public meeting, a speech of thanks, and a written acknowledgment of the exploit, to be presented as a sort of diploma to the poor, but noble young man.

But Deacon Bodger objected in these words:

"Now my proposition is, that we make the offer in money; for if we go to the expense of having a piece of plate made, as he wouldn't accept it, it would be money thrown away; but if we offer money—say, a hundred dollars, when he refuses, don't you see, we can use the funds for anything we like."

On reflection this proposal gave general satisfaction, though the member who had proposed a written acknowledgement, Squire Sassafras, seemed to doubt whether the plan was perfectly safe.

"This looks to me like too much of a temptation. If you're going to offer money, it oughtn't to be more than a three or a five dollar bill. He is a poor fellow, and it aint safe. It so happens, gentlemen, that this very young man has long been wanting to marry my daughter, and as I know from this that he's after money, I feel more shakey about him than you do."

This insinuation was treated with such merited derision, that Squire Sassafras got enraged, and finally, he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do—and witness what I say! I never would listen to the idea of this poor young man's marrying my daughter, but I am so sure that if you make him this offer he will not refuse, that I pledge my word if he don't accept, I will give my consent to their marriage. So now, mark my words, but keep this a secret till the time comes. We'll see who'll be the fools then!"

The next number of the Winterford Whistler announced to the public that the heroic conduct of Mr. Leonard Gray in saving Sniggins's son Abimelech from drowning in Gooseberry pond, having attracted the admiration of the community and the prompt attention of the humane society, a grand presentation meeting would be held in the town hall on the next Thursday evening, when the young man's heroism would be suitably rewarded, and appropriate speeches were expected to be made. Admission nothing!

Little did our hero imagine, when his attention was called to this paragraph by his delighted friends, with what importance his acceptance or refusal of a reward was invested. He had long loved Miss Sassafras, but had not the slightest belief that a circumstance could possibly arise through which her father could be induced to make the promise which in confidence he had made at the meeting of the humane society. And he was kept in ignorance of the fact.

"It is very noble of them to make such a display in honor of my little feat," he said to his acquaintances. "They've proved themselves trumps after all. I suppose the reason they delayed so long was because they wanted to set people talking about them, and then they would be more surprised at the end."

"You ought to get somebody to write out a speech for you," advised a friend. "You'll feel so sheepish you'll make a fool of yourself if you have to reply to Deacon Bodger; you know he is used to such things."

Leonard said no, he should say but little, and get out of the way as soon afterwards as possible.

Finally the evening came, "big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome."

At an early hour the hall was illuminated, and the dense crowd of people who assembled from all parts of north, south, east and west Winterford, Winterford centre, and Winterford-on-the-hill, were agreeably astonished to see how much pains had been taken to decorate the windows, galleries and the platform.

Cambric of the liveliest colors, trimmed with evergreen, hung in festoons on all sides. The name of "Leonard Gray," in large letters of evergreen stared from the wall behind the platform, and "Humane Society," in similar characters, ornamented the front of the gallery on either side of the clock. Lighted tallow candles astonished every pane of glass in the hall with smoke, grease and brilliance; and underneath the name of Leonard Gray, stretching across the wall for the entire length of the platform, was a rude representation in black paint on white cloth, of Leonard, in Gooseberry Pond, in the act of emerging, through the ice, bearing aloft a big boy with closed eyes, whose jacket was labelled "Abimelech."

The humane society had evidently been determined to retrieve their reputation, particularly as they thought such a display as this would do away with the necessity of their offering any more rewards for several years. They felt convinced that if ever after their liberality should be impugned, the memory of this night would sufficiently vindicate them.

At last the critical moment arrived. The society felt a thrill of pride, as Deacon Bodger arose to address the assembly, while Leonard Gray, in his working clothes, with the boy he had saved, sat near him.

After waiting till the immense applause subsided, the deacon burst forth into an harangue on the benevolent character of the society, the divine attributes of philanthropy, and the approbation and support which were due from a community "so peculiarly situated with regard to ponds."

"We have 'em everywhere, and of all sizes," exclaimed he, "and they strike terror to the hearts of all that have children to lose, or who like to sail, or are fond of fish. Such being the case," he proceeded, "what is not due from us all to the young hero, the philanthropist, the working-man, and the true-hearted, dyed-in-the-wool Winterfordite, who, engaged in his shop, in the industrious pursuit of an honest avocation, hears the unexpected call for help, echoing, with fearful distinctness, along the shores of Gooseberry Pond—which is twenty feet deep in that vicinity, ladies and gentlemen—"

"Twenty-one, it's been measured to-day," interrupted one of the audience, a warm friend of our hero.

"Twenty-one feet deep—been measured today, ladies and gentlemen, "continued the deacon, more proudly, and "rushing to the ice, unluckily perforated by the drowning body of the unfortunate boy, plunges through after him, and after a painful interval, rises again triumphant, bearing aloft the rescued form of the senseless Abimelech Sniggins!"

Vociferous plaudits drowned the voice of the speaker, but he kept making motions with his arms, and the next thing he was heard to utter was, in broken exclamations:

"Heroism—Greece—Rome—Carthage! what shall we say? Why, it is for us to reward it as it deserves. Allow me to introduce to you the benefactor of youth and your fellow-townsman, Leonard Gray!"

Long and loud applause greeted Leonard as he advanced, while the deacon continued holding out to him a hundred dollar draft on the Winterford Bank.

"To you, young man, knowing your disinterested, noble nature, the humane society for some time feared to make any offer of a reward, lest it might offend you; but after considering that our unwillingness to offend you might be misconstrued into avarice, and fully conscious that you were entirely deserving of such a testimonial, I have been deputed to present to you this draft for one hundred dollars on the Bank of Winterford. Let no consideration of delicacy, we beg of you, induce you to refuse it. You richly merit it, and we wish it was more!"

And he held out the draft to our hero, while the society laughed in their sleeves at the assumed sincerity of Deacon Bodger, and leaned forward wondering what Leonard would say, as he refused it.

"How modest he looks," thought they all; "noble fellow! He assumes no airs, and he has come in his every day clothes, too."

Leonard extended his hand, and took the paper. The deacon stared a moment. "He takes it only to make a few remarks, before he returns it," thought he.

"Urged as I am," commenced Leonard, "to accept this generous gift, I feel that it would be an insult both to the society and the assembly present, should I refuse it. And yet," looking down at his clothes, "though I am a poor man, I should most certainly have declined to accept it, did I not know that by receiving it I should not only gratify all who are present, but encourage others to do as I have done, through the hope of a reward. Were I to refuse, others might be ashamed to accept, or the society to offer an acknowledgment of their services, and thus one of the chief objects of the society be defeated—encouragement to good deeds. With thanks, therefore, I receive the gift, undeserved as I feel it is!"

And with a cheerful face, Leonard coolly folded the draft, put it into his pocket, and made a respectful bow all round, while thundering applause from the majority of the audience—exclusive of the humane society—attested their satisfaction at the proceedings.

A song, setting forth the advantages of the humane society, was now sung, at the end of which the meeting was immediately adjourned.

"Never was so confoundedly deceived in all my life!" exclaimed Deacon Bodger, in great agitation, to several members of the humane society, who were all pale with vexation at the unexpected result. "The society will never give another reward like that, if all the boys in town have to drown for it."

"Didn't I tell you so?" snickered Squire Sassafras, as the lights were being extinguished. "I told you I was so sure that I was willing to risk my daughter on it, and so I was. But I say, young man," he added, turning to Leonard, who was standing by, laughing among his friends, "do you know that you missed it by accepting that money?"

Leonard replied in the negative and asked what he meant.

"Why," said the squire, "I solemnly promised that if you didn't accept—and I knew you wouldn't refuse," poking him in the ribs—"I would let you marry my daughter, Alice!"

"O, is that all?" answered Leonard, gayly. "Well, don't worry about that. Alice and I were married, privately, at Squire Hitchcock's, three nights ago!"

And Squire Sassafras found it to be a fact!

CONSTANTINOPLE.

How changed are matters in this wonderful city. The Christian now walks boldly—nay, proudly—where once the Osmanli alone was dominant. The Giaour is no longer made to dismount while the Mahomedan rides in state. So far from this, the British sailor is often seen on a Galata hack, recklessly jostling the calm-faced Pasha of three tails. The other day about fifty of "the Albions" went to one of their haunts, drank somewhat freely, and on leaving, told the vender of raki that he was to be sure not to close before they returned, as they should give him another call. According to promise, they returned, but found the iron shutters before the window, and the door locked and barred. At this they were highly indignant, and at once vowed chastisement to the offender. A huge block of wood was procured, some two yards long, which was made to act the part of a battering-ram. One, two, three, was the cry, and bang went the weapon against the iron bar of the door. "Ah," said the leading man, "he's a riglar Sibastapoll, and takes a deal o' battering. Try him agin, boys—look out Master Rooshan, the Albions'a-coming." And again the huge lump went thump against the iron, which gave way before the tremendous blow. Crash went the door and in rushed Jack. The poor Greek was inside grieving for the destruction of his property, and dreading to meet the angry housebreakers. No sooner did the sailors get him in hand, than they gave him a good trouncing for what they called insulting them. The consul mulcted the offenders 500 piastres; but when the officers of the ship stated the amount, several of the men came forward, and said that they considered that they had no right to pay, "because they told the man as how they was coming back."—*Letters from the East.*

LAZZARONI OF NAPLES.

This wretched race of beings have a much worse character than they deserve; they are branded with the name of robbers, thieves, and cut-throats; whereas their conduct is inoffensive and peaceable. Their chief employment is porter's work; and they will carry the heaviest loads for the most trifling sums, seeming contented with whatever you offer them. It is difficult to say how they contrive to exist on the scanty means their labors afford; their food, indeed, is not costly—a slice of black bread, with a few onions, stinking olives, or the fruit of the prickly pear, is their common diet. A mess of pasta or stockfish is a feast. There is, however, another species of vagabonds, from their neighboring villages, who, under pretence of seeking employment, infest the city and commit all sorts of plunder: they are called "I lazzaroni di Campagna" (Lazzaroni from the country), and are held in the greatest contempt by their brethren of the city. Such are the gradations of society. —*Life on the Continent.*

More perish through too much confidence, than by too much fear. Where one despairs, there are thousands that presume.

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SAMUEL RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ONE YEAR OLD TO-DAY.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

A tender bud burst into life,
One year ago to-day,
To cheer a mother's longing heart,
Along life's toilsome way.
She nursed that bud with tender care,
Her opening charms made life seem fair.

Sweet blue-eyed, laughing baby-girl,
Just one year old to-day,
Would that no rude and chilly winds
Might ever round thee play;
May tender arms e'er round thee twine,
May constant friends be ever thine!

I clasp thy tiny hand in mine
With trembling, sweet delight;
Smiling, yet fearing some rude touch
Thy tender heart may blight!
O will those dimples love to play,
As sweetly round thy mouth for aye?

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

MILITARY SCHOOL OF ST. CYR.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

On a cold morning in February, 1806, fifty of the pupils of the Military School of St. Cyr were grouped around a man of tall stature, with gray-ish hair, whose uniform, cut in a somewhat antique style, was trimmed on the cuffs with the lace of a sergeant. It was said, at the school, that this coat dated from Marengo. This sub-altern officer, whose hard features announced at once severity in command and the fatigues of military life, was commissioned to teach the pupils destined to the artillery the theory of pointing, that theory without which the cannon is but a useless and noisy instrument of terror.

The sergeant instructor, one of the most skil-ful pointers of artillery of the foot-guards, where he had served before entering the school, had just explained to his auditors the method of making a bullet reach its destination with the greatest possible certainty, that is to say, of killing the greatest number of the enemy; he had interrupted for an instant the demonstration of this art, which he placed far above all others, and was resting himself by relating some episodes in his historical cannonades, the narration of which did but establish the excellence of his doc-trines on the subject of bullets,—it was example after precept. The pupils were listening with interest, although the sergeant was not on his guard against repetitions; but these were wil-lingly pardoned in him, for his services were honorable, and his little manifestations of pride were readily overlooked, in consideration of the excellence of his character.

The old sergeant was describing, by words and gestures, the history of his last cannon-shot, that which he had fired at Friedland, that last adieu to the Russians, and, by his account, it had cost them dearly; but, as he had not per-ceived that the sun had begun to fall, he was continuing his recital, when the pupils who were listening to him, warned him that the position was no longer tenable. Some of them were trying to warm their benumbed fingers with their breath; others were stamping their feet, to counteract the influence of the freezing atmos-phere. This was not to the sergeant's taste; so he suddenly interrupted his narrative, and, wounded in his self-love as a historian, his sus-ceptibility broke forth in somewhat hasty excla-mations.

"What is all this, gentlemen?" exclaimed he; "is this the bearing of officers of artillery?"

"We are not yet such, sergeant," replied a pupil.

"But you will soon be so, and if I may judge by what I see, will make only spring campaigns, unless the emperor permits the use of foot-stoves. Is it cold?"

"Faith, sergeant, it is not warm, and by standing thus in the same spot and without moving—"

"You run the risk of taking cold, do you not?" interrupted the sergeant. "If you had, like myself, fought in Poland, I do not know what you would have done."

"When one is in the presence of the enemy, one is never cold," said a pupil, who had ap-proached the sergeant, the better to plead the cause of his comrades.

"It is true," replied the latter, "the observa-tion is just, but you should early accustom your-selves to cold, heat, rain, and snow, and more than that, to hunger and thirst, because an artil-lery officer should not, above all things, blow his fingers."

This advice, accompanied by words found only in the dictionary of the barracks, made a vivid impression upon the pupils. Their sport ceased, and each resumed, calmly and silently, his place near the sergeant.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, "by way of warming ourselves, let us take another short lesson in pointing before dinner."

And preparing to re-commence his demonstra-tions, he shook off lightly the snow which cov-ered his breast and his foraging-cap, then placed himself before the cannon which stood there for the instruction of the pupils. But scarcely had he taken this position, when Captain Davillie approached and whispered a few words in his ear; the sergeant seemed struck by the communi-cation; he was about to divulge it, when a gesture from the captain prevented him. At the same instant the drum recalled the pupils to quarters; this signal, anticipating the usual hour, gave rise to a variety of conjectures.

"Gentlemen," at last said the sergeant, who had followed the company as far as the stairs which led to the study rooms, "remember that to-day, especially, you are not to be cold. So much the worse for those who forget the coun-tersign."

This simple recommendation, addressed in the form of advice, announced to the pupils that they were to prepare for an extraordinary in-spection; but was it the commandant of the school who was about to review them? Was it an inspector chosen by the Minister of War, to judge of the state of the school and report on those who deserved the epaulet? The question became singularly complicated; they would have been glad to have interrogated the sergeant, and even Captain Davillie, on the meaning of his last words, which were an enigma; but time failed, and, besides, the sergeant was on his guard. It was therefore necessary to wait the event.

The pupils returned to their quarters, and the sergeant, somewhat uneasy, took the road to his room to prepare himself; for he knew the name of the inspector, whose approaching arrival had occasioned such a commotion among the officers of the school.

The companies were under arms; the captains threw around them, from time to time, anxious glances, to assure themselves that no adventur-ous foot passed the line, or an awkwardly held gun announced the inexperience of a raw recruit. But old and new pupils vied with each other in *aplomb* and precision. Even Captain Saget him-self, particular as he was, appeared satisfied; his physiognomy had lost that severity of the morose instructor, which had often wearied the patience of the pupils, and made them despair of attain-ing perfection. General Bellavene, surrounded by his staff, seemed to be meditating the ha-rangue which he was about to address to the mysterious visitor whose arrival was awaited. At a little distance from the commandant stood the old sergeant, dressed in a new uniform; his eyes were fixed on the companies, as if to re-mind the artillery-men of the lesson he had given them on temperature; and such pre-occu-pation on the part of the veteran will be easily imagined, for the snow, which had been for him the occasion of severe admonition, threatened to fall to such a degree as to justify some anxiety in the professor of pointing. He was scarcely aroused from this pre-occupation by the sound of the drums, suddenly beating the march, and Napoleon had already appeared, while the ser-geant was still gazing on his pupils. At last he decided to accompany the staff, which was ad-vancing to meet the emperor. The latter was accompanied only by the Prince du Neufchatel and an aid-de-camp. He did not allow General Bellavene time to address him.

"Have you any officers to give me?" he ask-ed, somewhat bluntly.

"Sire, all the young people here are impatient to serve your majesty."

"I know it, general; but I wish well-informed officers. How many have you?"

The general hesitated to reply; the question embarrassed him a little. The emperor appre-ciated the motive of this hesitation, and came to the aid of the commandant.

"Ah! ah!" said he, smiling, "I see, general, that you wish to allow me to judge for myself of the instruction of your pupils,—well, so be it. It is a long time since I have paid you a visit. But are you satisfied? Are your young people docile and studious?"

"Sire, I have some troublesome ones, but the genuine number deserve only praise; they know that on leaving the school they ought to be able to command."

"And they must commence by learning to obey," interrupted Napoleon. "It is well. How many pupils have you under arrest at this mo-ment?"

"Two, only, sire."

"Two! What fault have they committed?"

"They were weary of the discipline; they found the time of their novi-ciate too long, and one fine morning these two gentlemen left the school without permission: I had them pursued, and they were brought back."

"That is to say, they deserted," replied the emperor. "But, Monsieur Commandant, this is very serious; had these two young people pre-viously behaved well?"

"Sire, they had until then been regarded as among the best pupils of the school."

Napoleon remained silent; then, advancing rapidly in front of the companies, he passed be-fore them, examining them attentively. This was a critical moment for the captains. The august inspector, nevertheless, addressed no ob-servation to them, but, making a sign to the Commandant Coteau to cause them to execute the manœuvres, he placed himself a little behind, in order to be able to judge better of their move-ments.

The management of arms left nothing to be desired; only a little precision was wanting in the second company, and this defect drew from the emperor a slight gesture of impatience; but the pupils of this company soon caused it to be forgotten, and Napoleon said, loud enough to be heard by all:

"Well done!"

After the manœuvres, there was an interval of rest; then the general and the officers who composed the staff surrounded Napoleon, who spoke in praise of the appearance and behaviour of the pupils.

"Come, gentlemen," added he, "I see that the time has not been lost with you; have you any advanced pupils?"

"Sire," replied General Bellavene, "there are very few who have studied more than fourteen or fifteen months."

"I congratulate you and your officers, general. You will say to your pupils that I am very well satisfied with them, without exception. Now let them defile."

At the roll of the drum, they fell into a line. The defiling was executed, and all the compa-nies, as they passed before the emperor, saluted him with the most lively acclamations, and re-turned to their respective quarters. The staff officers of the school alone remained with Napo-leon; the last shouts of the pupils had just died away, when the old sergeant presented himself before the emperor.

"Ah! is it you, my old comrade?" said Na-poleon, who had known him for a long time, for he had remarked him at the siege of Toulon; "have you anything to ask of me? Is not your son placed in a lyceum?"

"Sire, I thank you; but will your majesty allow me to remind you that there are here can-nonners?"

"I know it as well as yourself. What then?"

"Does not your majesty wish to know whether the pupils of the school understand the manœu-vres of the artillery as well as the sword exer-cise?"

"Ah! I understand you; this must be for another day, my brave man. I have not time now. But tell me, frankly, can I take twenty-five officers of artillery from among your pupils?"

"Fifty, sire. Perhaps they will need a few more lessons in pointing; but they know their business. I will guarantee it, on the word of an instructor."

And as he said this, the old cannoneer laid his large hand on the decoration which shone on his breast.

"Well, I will take them."

"Sire, may I not go with them? I am begin-ning to weary of this life, it is so monotonous."

"Are you joking? You will remain, because you are much more useful to me at St. Cyr than you would be elsewhere. Continue to educate good officers for me, and your services will be as glorious here as where you wish to go."

"I will remain, sire; nevertheless, I should like to send a few more bullets at the Russians or Prussians."

"I believe you, my old comrade; but each must have his turn. And then the pupils will teach the enemy the name of their master, and it seems to me that will be not a little flatter-ing."

"For them, sire, but not for me."

And the old sergeant, after having given the military salute, withdrew. He was not entirely satisfied, but he seemed to be so.

General Bellavene, seeing the emperor pre-paring to quit St. Cyr, asked him what number of officers he wished to take from the school, saying:

"Sire, since your majesty has deigned to ex-press your satisfaction, you will excuse the ques-tion I address to you."

"You are right, general; your pupils must be impatiently awaiting the result of the review."

And he looked at the windows, through which heads could be distinguished, whose eyes were fastened to his slightest gestures, which each pupil interpreted in his own fashion.

"General," resumed Napoleon, "my school of St. Cyr will furnish to the army two hundred officers, of whom fifty will be for the artillery. You will confer with the Minister of War re-specting the selection to be made. But, apropos, you have spoken to me of two prisoners who are expiating their fault by an arrest; I think they have been sufficiently punished. Let us use clemency towards them. I shall not be sorry to see them, for I wish to believe that they have been only impatient. Let them be summoned."

The general immediately made a sign to Commandant Coteau, and, a few minutes after-wards, the latter returned, followed by the two prisoners, who approached with as good a face as possible. When they were before the em-peror, he said to them, giving to his voice a tone of severity:

"Ah! ah! gentlemen, it was then you who deserted the school, who forgot the first duty of a soldier? Reply,—why did you abandon your flag?"

"Sire, we are not deserters!" said one of the delinquents, blushing deeply.

"You are not deserters! Then where were you going when you left here?"

"To the army, to take our places as simple soldiers."

And the pupil who had thus replied to Napo-leon, took, as he pronounced these words, the hand of his comrade, in token of the fraternal bonds which united them.

Napoleon was struck with this reply; but he could not ostensibly accept it as an excuse. Nevertheless, softening his tone, he replied:

"And you think to justify yourselves thus?"

"Sire, we are guilty, but we have hope in the clemency of your majesty. Will you deign to permit us to take arms, and pardon us, without longer delay, for my comrade and myself have each a father to avenge."

"You are the sons of soldiers?"

"They were officers of the guards; both were killed on the field of battle."

Napoleon turned towards the commandant of the school; then, addressing the two pupils, continued:

"I will pardon you, young men; but it is in consideration of the services of your fathers. Return to your comrades, and give them, in future, an example of submission. You will remain three months longer at school, to teach you to have patience. Go."

The two young men gave the military salute, and took the road to their quarters. At this moment, shouts of *Vive l' Empereur!* uttered by all the pupils, issued from the windows. These brave young men were thus thanking their pro-tector for his clemency, and celebrating the re-turn of their comrades.

"General," said Napoleon, as he withdrew, "three months of waiting for two youths of this stamp are too much, indeed; we must not do things by halves. I include them in the pro-motion."

Such were the last words of the emperor be-fore quitting the school.

A week after this visit, two hundred officers left St. Cyr, to repair to Germany. Among them were found the two pupils whose impru-dence had so seriously endangered their pros-pects; and, two years afterwards, both were made captains, on the same day, on the same battle-field.

LIGHT SUPPERS.

One great secret of health, is a light supper; and yet it is a great self denial, when one is hun-gry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing. Let such a one take leisurely a sin-gle cup of tea and a piece of cold bread, with butter, and he will leave the table as pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be ten fold the better for it the next morning. Take any two men under simi-lar circumstances, strong, hard working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, and potatoes, and the ordi-nary *et cetera*, as the last meal of the day, and the tea drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.—*Journal of Health.*

A FRENCH NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

It is generally in the morning that the editors meet. The first business is the perusal of the other journals, which are immediately explored. The day's sheet spread out upon an immense green table,—English journals, German, Spanish, Ital-ian, Asiatic, African, American, etc. You should know that a journal is made up of twenty others, from all of which it borrows facts, news, and even fragments, according to the scarcity or abundance of original matter in the editorial sack. Up to this moment the editors have done nothing but lounge upon the sofa of the *fur ni-ente*. Some are sprawling at full length; others puzzle over short hand, in horizontal positions; others joke, and talk, and tell stories; others read aloud the facts which they discover as they glance over the journals. Everybody is smoking more or less. Meanwhile, one of them, armed with an enormous pair of scissors, effects wide breaches in the journals, which he despoils, one after another. Some of these journals, as they come out of his hands, resemble the old standards of Austerlitz riddled with bullets. This brings us to the first type, *the cutter-out* of the Journal (Anglice sub-editor), one of the most important wheels in the great machine of pub-licity. The *cutter-out*, as his title indicates, reaps in the field of reality all that appears new and interesting to him. He is what is called a pair of intelligent scissors. He fixes upon slips of paper the diverse news which he gathers, and which are destined to make up the *News of the Day*, the *Paris Intelligencer*. The wafer (a power-ful collaborator) necessarily plays a great part in these functions. Others write; he affixes. Let it not, however, be supposed that this talent of cutting-out skilfully is within the reach of everybody. A good *cutter-out* of journals is as rare as a good tailor. Think you that there is no discernment or judgment needed to select the fact most likely to attract the eye of the sub-scriber or fix the attention of the reader? More-over, there is a talent in grouping and contrast-ing, which requires immense practice. A piece of news becomes conspicuous or obscured, is in-teresting or the reverse, according to the place which it occupies. But sometimes facts are scarce, and then the cutter-out must lay down his scissors, beat his forehead, raise his eyes to the ceiling, and set about improvising. 'Tis true that there are two rich mines ever open to him—the young women who throw themselves out of windows, and the forcible entries of gam-bling-houses. "It is said that Sophie B., a young seamstress of the Faubourg St. Antoine, having been abandoned by her lover, Etienne B., a cabi-net maker by trade, has thrown herself out of the fifth story in an excess of grief. Her life is despaired of." Reassure yourselves. Sophie B. enjoys the best of health. She throws herself from the top of the columns of the journal two or three times every month, whenever there is a scarcity of news.—*Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

CHEMISTRY OF A HORSE'S FOOT.

Muggins, a comical Cincinnati correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, relates the following story, touching a certain chemist of Porkopolis, who believed that his favorite science could accomplish anything and everything:

"Well, this scientific gentleman is the owner of a fine horse, which horse was so unfortunate as to run a tenpenny nail in his foot, of which fact your humble servant undertook to inform the chemist, in something like the following manner:

"'My dear Jones, I am very sorry I have to inform you that your horse has a nail in his foot.'

"'Pooh, that's nothing! I can take it out.'

"'Yes, but it's broken off up in the hoof.'

"'Don't make any difference; I can easily take it out.'

"'How?'

"'Why, by putting the foot in a large cruci-ble and heating it to a white heat; as soon as the iron reaches a state of fusion it will run out of itself, and be found in the bottom of the cru-cible.'

"But, my ——, you'll carbonize the horse's foot.'

"'O, that's nothing; I can easily *de*carbon-ize it.'

"'Yes, but, my dear sir, you don't mean to say that after the horse has had his foot and leg burned to a cinder, he'll ever be of any earthly use, do you?'

"'Of course I do; to be sure he will. After I subject his leg and foot to the operation of de-carbonization, I shall re-fluidize the contents of the baked blood-vessels by injection; then all I have to do is to vitalize the fluid so injected, when natural circulation will ensue, all the parts will receive their proper nourishment, and in half an hour the horse will be as well as ever he was.'

"It sounds all right enough, how do you think it will work?"

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.

More than nine thousand different kinds of animals have been changed into stone. The races of genera of more than half of these are now extinct, never being at present known as living state upon the earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the earth. The Megatherium (Great Beast), says Buckland, from a skeleton, nearly perfect, now in the Museum at Madrid, was per-fectly colossal. With a head and neck like those of the Sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the charac-ter of the Armadillo and the Ant-eater. Its fore feet were a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant; and its tail, nearest the body, was six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it generally fed.—*Hardcock.*

A LOVE OF LITERATURE.

Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstan-ces, and be a source of happiness and cheerful-ness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give me this taste, and I ask for no more of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of mak-ing him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters which have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a con-temporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.—*Sir John Herschel.*

QUEER MATRIMONIAL FREAK.

A letter from a citizen of Livingston county, Kentucky, to the Danville Tribune, relates the following bit of family history in that neighbor-hood: "A widow lady took an orphan girl to raise, quite small, and when arrived at the age of eighteen she married him, she then being in her fiftieth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fall the old lady died, being ninety-six years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being sixty-eight years old, and she eighteen."

Jester's Picnic.

An Irishman, at a country tavern, was observ-ed by a friend of ours to be looking long and intently at the bar-post near the house, to which a traveller had tied his horse, by slipping the fold of the bridle through the hole for a bar, and then throwing the bight of the fold over the head of the post—a very common and effectual mode of fastening horses in the country. On being asked what he observed to attract attention, Pat replied:

"Sure, and I'm after wondering how the haste got through the hole, after the bridle was hung up!"

The mystery of the tie being explained, he departed a wiser man. This was good, but not quite so bright as was the Yankee lad who saw, for the first time, some sailors raising a heavy anchor at the bow of a ship in port, for the pur-pose of securing it, or "fishing" it, as we believe it is called. They were singing away at their work, with the usual "Yo! heave ho!" when the green spectator, who had stopped to "scruti-nize" a little, hailed them with:

"You may 'heave-ho!' and 'hi-ho!' all night, but you wont get that big crooked thing through that hole in a hurry—now mind I tell ye!"

He thought they were trying to draw the anchor through the hawse-hole!

Re's Sedentary Habits.—"The lad is very desultory in his reading," said Dr. Digg, taking up a copy of "*The Seven Robbers at the Dark Cave, or The Mystery of the Bloody Dagger*," that ike had left a few moments before. The savan turned over the leaves, looking at the picture of six seven robbers burying their booty in a tomb, while the witch of the cliff made incantations over it to ensure its safety.

"I don't think he takes to dysentery reading," said Mrs. Partington, her ear not precisely catch-ing the word; "his mind has no tenderness towards doctor's books, and he only reads great hysterical books like that. I'm sometimes afear-ed he will wear himself out by his studious and secondary habits."

She probably meant sedentary, but the doctor thought there was no danger, as he caught a view of Ike upon the shed, throwing snowballs at a fat man over in an adjacent yard.—*Post.*

A chopfallen victim of unrequited love sings in this lamentable strain: I'll throw myself into —The deep briny ocean,—Where mud-eels and eat fish—On my body shall riot,—And flounders and flat fish—Select me for diet:—There soundly I'll slumber—Beneath the rough billow,—And crabs without number—Shall crawl o'er my pil-low,—But my spirit shall wander through gay coral bowers,—And frisk with the mermaids—It shall, by the powers!

A missionary had once rebuked a South Sea Islander for the sin of polygamy. After a day or two, the cannibal returned, his face radiant with joy.

"Me all right, now; one wife. Me very good Christian."

"What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary.

"Me eat her up."

As Mr. G. V. Brooke, in performing the char-acter of Richard the Third, at the Liverpool Am-phitheatre, fell upon the stage at the close of the fifth act, struck down by the sword of Richmond, the moment of breathless silence which followed was suddenly broken by a voice from the gal-lery, shouting in tones of encouraging sugges-tion to the conqueror, "Now's your time, old chap; off with his boots!"

An English paper has the following: Recently a local preacher, distinguished for a grandilo-quence of style, unattainable by men of common genius, concluded a fervid supplication for the success of the allied arms with the—we shall not say elegant, we fear to say pathetic, but we may safely say unmistakable petition, "Lord, smash the Russians! Amen."

A young man and a female once upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward ap-pearance excited the attention of one of the fami-ly, who commenced a conversation with the fe-male, by inquiring how far she travelled that day?

"Travelled!" exclaimed the stranger, some-what indignantly, "we didn't travel, we rid!"

We got the following advertisement from a paper published in the Far West:

"To rent, a house on Meddow avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply of the most de-licious fruit may be stolen during the whole season. Rent low, and the greater part taken in plums."

"Bill, who was you named after?"

"Mr. Smith, what lives next door."

"I thought you were named after your uncle William!"

"So I was, till I got that new over-coat."

We should not wonder if that boy died a phi-losopher.

Henry J. Finn, the actor, at a tea party, over-hearing one lady say to another, "I have some-thing for your private ear," immediately exclaim-ed, "I protest against it, for privateering is illegal."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral, therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus affording the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the parents, reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and per-fect system that experience can suggest, making an

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VOL. X.

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CHAPTER XVIII

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in halves, and in six places it w
prettily arched bridges, while th
the stream entered and left the gr
ported upon arches of massive m

The count chanced to have a
not only possessed much taste in
but who also felt a pride in exhi
and skill, so the grounds were
cheerful appearance despite the
the master.

Many people came out of thei
lle road to see the Chateau de V
ever seemed to be disappointed
their trouble, for the place was w
there ever was trouble it was not
less than envy in the bosom of
men very comfortably situated in
envy Arnaud Monfere the posse
estate.

It was on the same morning t
Fretart on his way from the sea-
chateau of de Montigny. Mont
library, and one of the valets h
away his breakfast of hot sand-
punch. The place was well furnis
but they none of them had the
having been used lately. The c
great chair—a chair which bore
carved back an executioners which
and before him lay an open lette
he had received the evening pr
capital, and his countenance bet
but an easy frame of mind. Ho
tents of the letter did not seem to
they only made him more proud
and caused him to clutch his han
fixed determination. Thus he s
cause a rap upon his door, and it
forwards a servant entered, wh
count that there was a man belo
to see him.

"Who is he?" asked Montfere

"I never saw him before, sir,
same man who came here one
week ago."

"Let him come up," quick
count, in an anxious tone.

The servant withdrew, and ere
rough-looking man entered the li
the man who had been leader o
seized Henry Fretart and carried
wagon.

"Ah, Buffet," uttered the cou
been waiting for you."

"So have I been waiting for
returned the fellow, in a tone that
dicate that he considered himself
a man as at best.

"You been waiting for me, Bu
Montfere, trying to look surprise

"Certainly. Didn't you agree
St. Malo?"

"Did I?"

"But didn't you?"

"Ah, I do remember, there
said about some such thing."

"It, not much," returned Bu
irony. "Only you promised me t
meet me at the little cafe of Pedr